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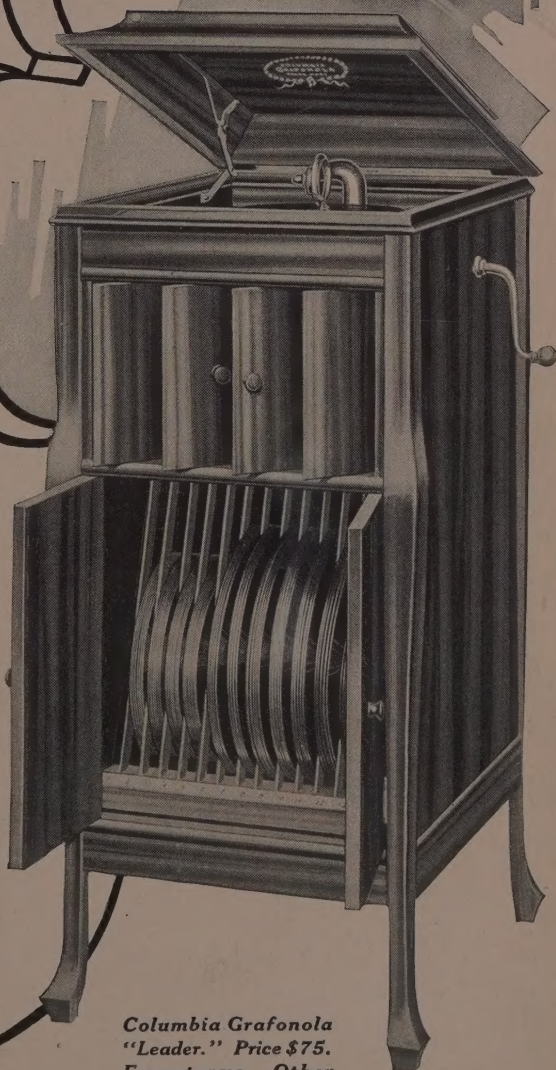
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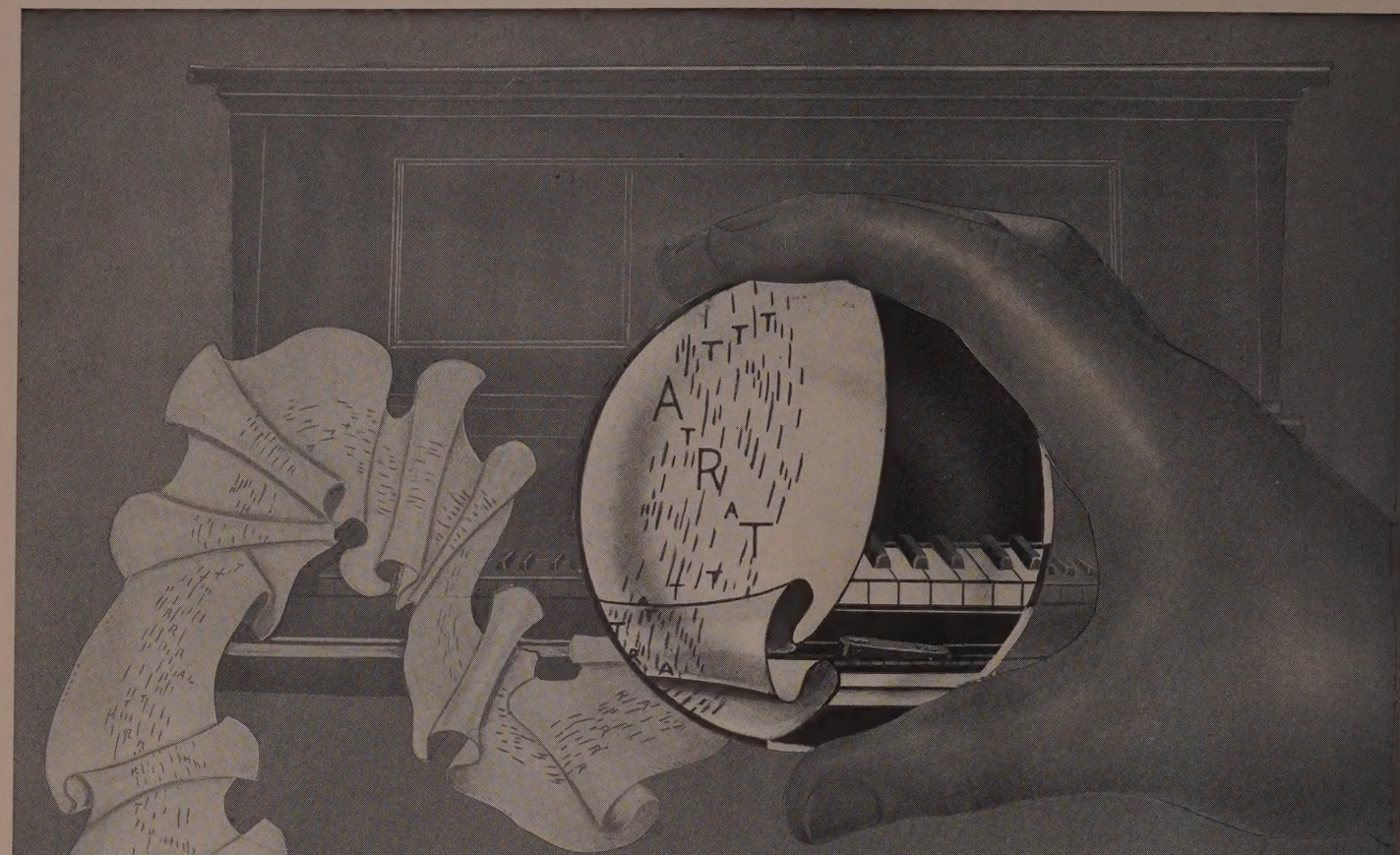
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THE COVER:—Portrait in Colors of Miss Ruth Chatterton

The colored portraits that appear on the cover of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE each month are those of artists who have distinguished themselves on the stage. To be put on the cover of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE is regarded in the profession as a reward of merit. Players look on it as a theatrical hall of fame. Money cannot buy the privilege. It is one accorded only to talent. If only from this standpoint, therefore, our covers are of particular value to the public. If our readers knew that the artist had paid for the cover, as for so much advertising space, the picture would have no value in their eyes. But, knowing that the distinction is awarded only to real merit, the portraits are eagerly sought and collected as souvenirs. Ruth Chatterton is one of the youngest stars on the American stage. She is not yet twenty-two. She is a New York girl and had her first stage experience in stock in Milwaukee and Worcester. Later she played a small part in "Miss Patsy" during the brief engagement of that play in Chicago. After that she was ingenue with Henry Kolker in "The Great Name." During the following summer she played small parts in the Columbia Theatre Stock Company at Washington, D. C. It was there that Henry Miller, who was looking for someone to play Cynthia in "The Rainbow" found and engaged her, and in this rôle she scored a remarkable hit. She made her next appearance in the dramatization of Jean Webster's popular novel, "Daddy Long-Legs," which has been running for six months in Chicago. After the first night of "Daddy Long-Legs," Miss Chatterton was elevated to the stellar ranks. New Yorkers will see the new star in her new play at the Gaiety Theatre, on September 27th.

CONTRIBUTORS—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration articles on dramatic or musical subjects, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions found to be unavailable. All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied when possible by photographs. Artists are invited to submit their photographs for reproduction in THE THEATRE. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender, and if in character, with that of the character represented. Contributors should always keep a duplicate copy of articles submitted. The utmost care is taken with manuscripts and photographs, but we decline all responsibility in case of loss.

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THE THEATRE

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White

ALFRED PAUMIER AND ANNIE SAKER IN "THE STORY OF THE ROSARY" AT THE MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE



White William Courtenay

Lily Cahill

De Witt C. Jennings

Act 4. Ethel (Miss Cahill) gives the warning. "Have a cigarette, Dick"
SCENE IN ROY COOPER MEGRUE'S PLAY, "UNDER COVER," AT THE CORT THEATRE

FULTON. "TWIN BEDS." Farce comedy in three acts by Salisbury Field and Margaret Mayo Produced on August 14th

Blanche Hawkins.....	Madge Kennedy	Norah	Georgia Lawrence
Signor Monti.....	Charles Judes	Amanda Davis.....	Mabel Acker
Harry Hawkins.....	John Westley	Andrew Larkin.....	John Cumberland
	Signora Monti.....		Ray Cox

When Margaret Mayo wrote "Baby Mine" she utilized one bed. When she collaborated with Salisbury Field in dramatizing the latter's story, "Twin Beds," they employed, as the title indicates, two of those splendid adjuncts for "ravelling up the sleep of care." "Twin Beds," from the nature of its original reception at the Fulton Theatre, gives every indication of a long and healthy run, for it is an excellent farce, written in a sprightly and witty vein. It glides the ice occasionally, but with such deftness that there is "no harm, my lord," but, on the contrary, a breezy smoothness that results in true laughter and real enjoyment.

A young man and his wife occupy a flat in a big uptown apartment. Mrs. Hawkins is very genial, and soon gets to know everyone on the twelve floors. Being equally hospitable, she is constantly giving tango parties, to which her husband objects, especially as an emotional Italian tenor pays marked attention to Mrs. Hawkins. But the tenor has a wife "born in Brooklyn, and not good Brooklyn, either," who has raised the tenor from a cabaret show to a leading light at the Metropolitan. She refuses to lose him on any account, and keeps a most humorous eye over him. All this exposition with two minor characters is presented with nice lightness of touch, brisk speed and genuine fun. The landlord, it seems, has built a new apartment further uptown, and, unknown to each other, has offered such valuable inducements to move into his new house that they all do so, ignorant of the propinquity of each other. Then comes a change of scene.

THE NEW PLAYS

In their new apartment the Hawkins have installed twin beds. One night the husband goes to his club, and

the tenor, overcome by the *chianti* he has consumed, enters the wrong apartment and proceeds to retire in Mr. H.'s bed, the latter's wife sleeping on in blissful ignorance. Then the complications begin. Mr. H. returns. The jealous wife has put detectives on the steps of her supposed errant husband, while the couple below are convinced that a burglar is in the house. What follows, with slamming doors, disappearing clothes and a general misunderstanding is accomplished under the formula of the best up-to-date French farce.

All this is provocative of good fun. Madge Kennedy plays the young wife with delicacy and skill, Georgie Lawrence, a knowing maid with admirable drollery, and Ray Cox, as the tenor's wife, with an incomparable volcanic intensity that is as amusing as it is rarely artistic. Charles Judes is capital in both his acting and his pantomimic skill as the tenor, while John Westley plays the husband with nice skill, as it is a difficult rôle. Mabel Acker and John Cumberland render excellent help. "Twin Beds" is a scream.



White

LEW FIELDS

In "The High Cost of Loving" at the Republic

CANDLER. "ON TRIAL." Play in three acts by Elmer L. Reizenstein. Produced on August 19th with this cast:

The Defendant, Frederick Perry; His Daughter, Constance Wolf; His Wife, Mary Ryan; Her Father (deceased), Thomas Findlay; The Dead Man, Frederick Truesdell; His Widow, Helene Lackaye; His Secretary, Hans Ribert; A News Agent, J. Wallace Clinton; A Hotel Proprietor, Lawrence Eddinger; A Physician, George Barr; A Maid, Florence Walcott; A Waiter, John Adams; The Judge, Frank Young; The District Attorney, William Walcott; The Defendant's Counsel, Gardner Crane; The Clerk, John Klendon; The Court Stenographer, J. M. Brooks; The Court Attendants, Charles Walt and James Herbert.

Schlegel, Freytag and other authors writing on stage construction will have to revise subsequent editions of their works on the technic of playwriting if dramas of the new type are accepted with the acclaim that greeted "On Trial" when it was

produced for the first time at the Candler theatre.

One element of novelty connected with this production is that the author, Elmer L. Reizenstein, is just out of his 'teens, and that it is his first venture. A clerk in a law office, he has evolved a series of dramatic situations that for novelty and general intensity have not been equalled for many a moon. In these days, when there is no half-way between failure and success, "On Trial" is a knockout, and the description is not offered for advertising purposes, but as a just tribute to a melodrama that is surely destined to make fortunes for all concerned.

The principal background is a court room in which a murder trial is being carried on. The final juror is examined, the prosecuting attorney opens, the defense briefly responds, and the first witness is called. She is the widow of the murdered man. After she has testified up to a certain point—almost the middle of a sentence—complete darkness ensues, and the what she would have subsequently related is acted out against its original environment. This happens frequently, one scene representing a hark back of thirteen years in order to show a motive wherein the defendant's wife is concerned. The murder, its motive, the contradictions of the witnesses in their efforts to keep certain facts concealed, the discussion by the locked-up jurors on the evidence, the surprise in rebuttal, all go to the making of a talking moving picture as graphic and absorbing as any detective story from the pen of Lecocq or Gaboriau. So much of the pleasure of the piece is gained by the element of surprise that it would be criminal to describe it in detail.

Frederick Perry is admirable in the restraint of his emotional force. Mary Ryan is effective as his wife, and the wife of the murdered man is played with fine intensity of feeling by Helene Lackaye. Hans Robert does a fine bit of emotional acting as the recreant secretary, and minor parts, that are in a way "character bits," are enacted with skillful ability by Thomas Findlay, J. Wallace Clinton, Lawrence Eddinger, Frank Young, William Walker, and Gardner Crane. The jury, headed by Howard Wall, is an absolute replica of the twelve sworn men, good and true.

CORT. "UNDER COVER." Play in four acts by Roi Cooper Megrue. Produced on August 26th with the following cast:

James Duncan.....	Harry Crosby	Amy Cartwright.....	Phoebe Foster
Harry Gibbs.....	Jay Wilson	Michael Harrington...	Wilfred Draycott
Steven Denby.....	William Courtenay	Lambart.....	John May
Daniel Taylor.....	De Witt C. Jennings	Nora Rutledge.....	Lola Fisher
Sarah Peabody.....	Rae Selwyn	Alice Harrington.....	Lucile Watson
Ethel Cartwright.....	Lily Cabill	Monty Vaughn.....	Ralph Morgan

It has been urged, and believed by many, that a "new drama" was imminent which would sweep aside the familiar things to which we have been accustomed for a number of centuries, and in particular melodrama. The success of "Under Cover," received with great hospitality for a season by the cultured of



White

Grant Mitchell as Rodney Martin

Ruth Shepley as Mary Grayson

Act I. Mary—"Rodney, you're wonderful!"

SCENE IN "IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE" NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE COHAN THEATRE

Boston, would seem utterly to dispel any such forecast. Crude melodrama unquestionably has perished. It is plain that polite melodrama, with its dress suits and atmosphere of high society, is as much alive as ever. Joseph Jefferson used to have a theory that plays of the kind were the safest of theatrical ventures, and he himself had a hand in one such piece that ran for fifteen years or more, and may be in occasional use even now. The dead melodramas were too mechanical. "Under Cover," with the exception of a false device, has real characters, natural incidents, and circumstances that are readily accepted as of the day. Of course, a play that has these attributes has something new in it, it matters not how old much of the material is. There is newness in characters that live. They exist, they are, they do not belong to the order of things that were. The people begin to live just



White

Patricia Collinge

Douglas Fairbanks

Act II. Jeraboam Martin (Mr. Fairbanks)—“‘Billy,’ are you happy?”

SCENE IN “HE COMES UP SMILING” NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE LIBERTY THEATRE

as soon as the curtain rises. Surely there is very little to commend the two characters first seen and heard. But they are human. For this reason only, perhaps, their dialogue is accepted as comedy. “Gibbs and Duncan, Inspectors,” talk. The action has been started, very properly, by the intimation which the audience has that one Denby is expected on a steamer with a necklace worth two hundred thousand dollars, which he will attempt to smuggle. They talk about the old times when the government was not so watchful of the inspectors, when, if you treated a tourist right, “he’d hand you his business card, and when you showed up at his office the next day—why, he’d come across without a squeal.” Or, “When I was Inspector, if you had any luck picking out your passenger, you’d find twenty dollars lyin’ right on the top tray of the first trunk he opened for you.”

It was the acting of Jay Wilson and Harry Crosby that made these dreadful revelations of character and custom seem humorous. Many accidents—if they may be called accidents—contribute to the success of any play. Accident or no accident, the play is well acted. Indeed, some of its situations would be absurd if not acted with a convincing semblance of truth, when the truth is not there. Throughout the greater part of the play we are asked to believe that Denby, the “hero” of the story, is a smuggler, when in reality he is in the employment of the government to unearth graft in the Custom House. He does things that are entirely consistent with that view of his character, but when we learn who he is, the inconsistencies of conduct appear. The Inspector is supposed to be honest until the supposed smuggler, after the necklace is found on him, bribes the Inspector with the trifling sum of thirty thousand dollars in bills to let him go. Mr. Megrue obtains the momentary thrills.

Apart from this falsity of construction, the other complications are reasonable, true and tried. The Inspector, in order to trap the smuggler (with as much theatrical detail as possible), forces a young woman of society to follow the “smuggler” to a country home on Long Island, where the family is of her set and where he is a guest, and ascertain that he has the necklace in his possession, procure and summon the Inspector and his men who

have concealed themselves on the grounds. The pursuer and the pursued fall in love, indeed, are in love already, having travelled together. The woman pursuing him had been forced into her mission by a warrant that the Inspector threatens to use for the arrest of the young sister, the beloved little sister having been imprudent in overplaying herself at bridge, with the consequence that she misused some diamonds and collected the insurance on them with the claim that they had been stolen. Will she, when the case is fairly put to her, betray him or her sister? Theoretically, that is a good enough situation, but it is a forced one. If she loves him, believing and knowing him to be a smuggler and thief, she ceases to be interesting. When she learns who he is—but at this point the action takes a turn that is clearer in the dramatic sense. She is about to be compromised by being found in his room, to which she came to find the necklace. It is a more or less thrilling moment. She is saved. A number of such thrilling moments are had, whether or no. There is a Chinese gong on the wall in the room, perhaps none louder on the market. Denby strikes it, and the household responds. In the meanwhile he has a fight in the dark, with two or three flashes and explosions of a pistol. Denby is arrested. He bribes the Inspector, and then turns the tables on him by revealing himself as in the government service, employed for the very purpose of trapping dishonest Custom House officials. This is the surprise of the play. Denby has also trapped his audience, and really to no true dramatic purpose. Incidentally, there are many interesting passages in the play, and the acting is of a quality that gives value which would be wholly lost in incompetent hands. Thus, Lucile Watson, as Mrs. Harrington, the wife of a husband impetuously given to cocktails when she was not watching him, secured laughter for many lines that without her manner would have fallen flat. Miss Lily Cahill, as the girl placed in a position in which she had to choose between betraying her sister or her lover, was equal to the emotion, pride, perplexities and spirit of the part. Mr. William Courtenay, young, well-mannered, suave, spirited, accommodated himself to the absurdities as well as to the opportunities for honest acting in the play. The episodes and subordinate

comedy were well contrived and well acted. The first five minutes of the last act are supposed to occur simultaneously with what we have seen in the last five of the previous act. The novelty does not strike us as anything more than an impertinence. Mr. DeWitt Jennings, as Taylor, the grafting Inspector, gives a most effective performance.

REPUBLIC. "THE HIGH COST OF LOVING." Play in three acts adapted from the German by Frank Mandel. Produced on August 25th last with the following cast:

Ludwig Klinke.....	Lew Fields	Lawrence Tucker.....	George Anderson
Emma	Julia Ralph	Anthony Tiedmayer.....	Wilfred Clarke
Cora	Vivian Martin	Noel Burnham.....	Ernest Lambart
Edward Hauser.....	George Hassell	Godfrey Burnham.....	Nicholas Burnham
Rose	Charlotte Ives	Mrs. Burnham.....	Helen Tracy
Albert Bean.....	James Lackaye	Lena	Amy Summers

It is plain to see that Mr. Lew Fields has his hand in all the comedy effects, by whomever provided or by whomever acted, in the plays which he produces. He is a man of genuine humor, a good actor and a good stage-manager. He does not want to try to do everything himself; so that, perhaps, in no other play now visible here has each one of the actors so many distinct opportunities of his own. In the first place, Lew Fields shares the leading part or parts with three other actors, Lew Fields in multiple. It is not a very polite story. Lew Fields is the "mustard king" in his manufacturing town, and, with his three companions, represents sobriety, decency and purity. Their wives belong to the Purity League. They have a past. In their youth, "twenty-five years ago," they had yielded to an infatuation with a dancer in the "Black Crook." She had disappeared, gone to America, from which place, safely remote from the German town of the action, she had apprised each one of her admirers of the birth of a son. In the end it turns out that the son was a myth, but the dancer, for twenty years or more, received from her victims sums each month ranging

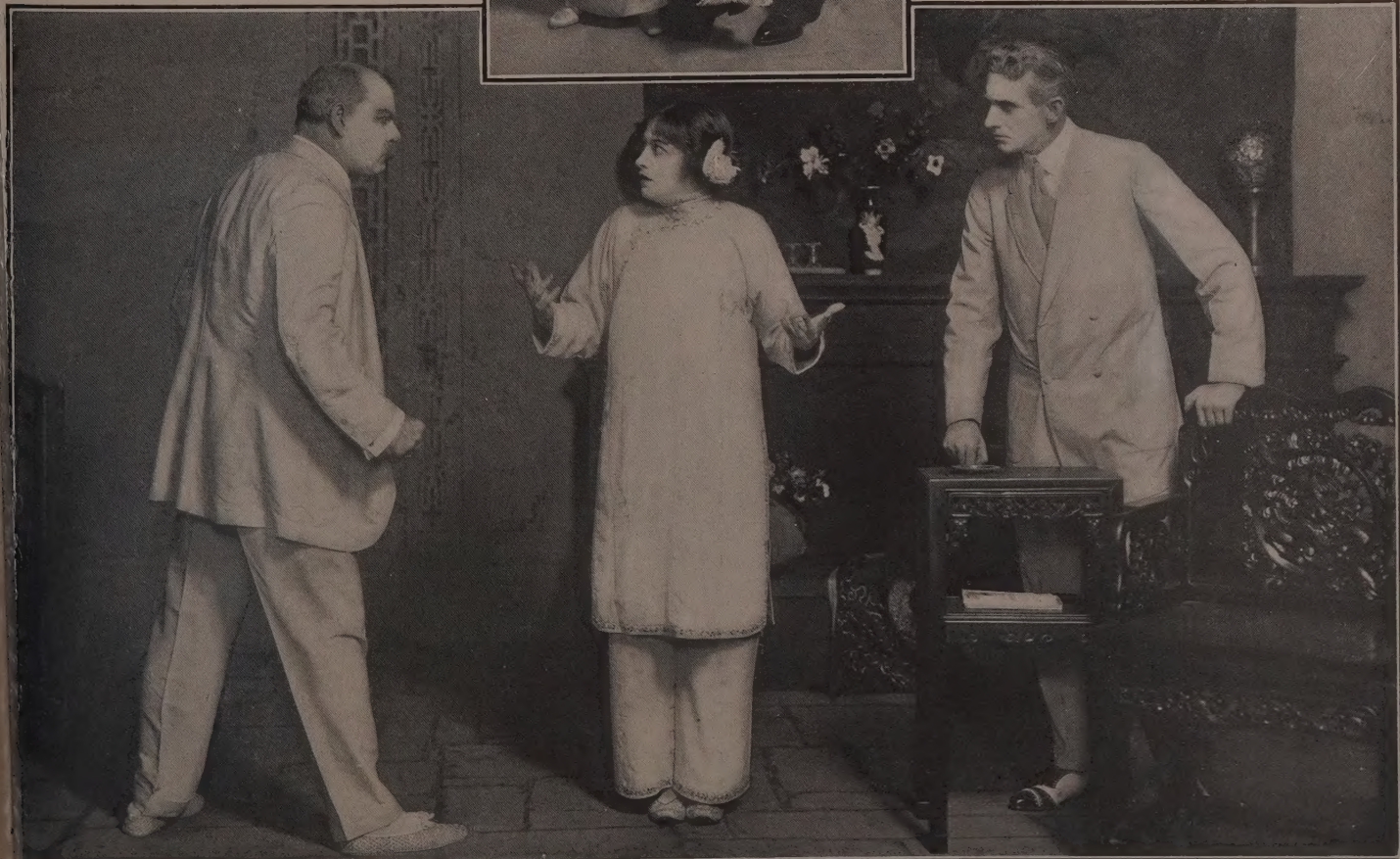
from fifty to eighty dollars. Each victim, representing high character in the town, kept his secret, thinking himself the only unfortunate. This part of the story would seem to make the play impossible for many audiences, but Lew Fields and his companions would extort laughter in many of the scenes from the most prim. Surely these reprobates, now reformed, deserve to be laughed at for their alarms and their present snug and smug respectability, which do not involve hypocrisy exactly, but self-defense and pretense. The suitor for the hand of the mustard king's daughter, a meek person, is taken by the four men, each in turn, as the son expected on a visit from America. That the men are kept busy in dodging suspicion, and are in constant danger of exposure to their wives, and that the scenes of confusion chase the character through the play, may be imagined. "The High Cost of Loving" is adapted from the German by Frank Mandel. We have spoken of the fact that all the actors are kept busy in this play. If it were obligatory on us to go into detail concerning it, we would have to give inordinate space to very just appreciation. A reference to the cast must content us. The acting is overacting, hilarious and uproarious, but it is effective.



KNICKERBOCKER. "THE GIRL FROM UTAH." Musical play in two acts. Book by James T. Tanner, music by Paul Rubens and Sydney Jones; additional numbers by Jerome D. Kern. Produced on August 24th with this cast:

Una Trance, Julia Sanderson; Sandy Blair, Donald Brian; Trimpel, Joseph Cawthorn; Lord Amersham, George Bishop; Policeman P. R. 38, Edgar Dickson; Col. Oldham-Pryce, George Grundy; Page, Michael Mathews; Commissionaire, William Francis, Jr.; Detective, Walter S. Wills; Lord Orpington, Harry Law; Archie Tooth, George Wharton; Douglas Noel, Russell Griswold; Bobbie Longshot, Dickson Elliott; Dora Manners, Venita Fitzhugh; Lady Amersham, Queenie Vassar.

The merits and the attractiveness of "The Girl from Utah" come from what is known as the production. The production is what is done for a play, good or bad, by the manager and the people he employs, who, often enough, in the case of an opera, may be



Photos White

Hardee Kirkland

Pauline Frederick

John Miltern

Act I. Innocent—"Have I said anything I shouldn't?"

(Inset) Pauline Frederick and Arthur Lewis. Act IV. Innocent (Miss Frederick)—"Why don't you ever ask me who I am?"

SCENES IN GEORGE BROADHURST'S PLAY, "INNOCENT," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE ELTINGE THEATRE



Copyright Charles Frohman Ernest Lawford Ann Murdock
Act I. Valentine (Mr. Lawford) "I've put down everything."
SCENE IN "THE BEAUTIFUL ADVENTURE" AT THE LYCEUM

opera were, as usual characteristic of the refinement and resourcefulness of the producer, Mr. Charles Frohman.

LYCEUM. "THE BEAUTIFUL ADVENTURE." Comedy in three acts by R. de Flers and A. de Caillavet, adapted by George Egerton. Produced on September 5th with the following cast:

Andre D'Eguzon, Charles Cherry; Helene de Trevillac, Ann Murdock; Valentin le Barroyer, Ernest Lawford; Madame Trevillac, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen; Count D'Eguzon, Edward Fielding; Countess D'Eguzon, Annie Esmond; Marquis de Langelier, Herbert Ayling; Serignan, George Hubbard; Suzanne Serignan, Frances Landy Foques, Edgar Norton; Chartrain, Francis M. Verdi; Doctor Pinbrache, Robert Entwistle; Didier, Conrad Cantzen; Remi, Frank Morgan; Gaston, John Holland; Jeantine, Mercita Esmonde; Madame de Verceil, Amy Veness; Jeanne de Verceil, Janet Slater.

The French playwright is a literary man apart when it comes to treating a delicate subject, whether it be serious or farcical. He can glide over the thinnest ice without ever breaking through. "The Beautiful Adventure" at the Lyceum, by de Flers and Caillavet, has scored a big hit, not only on account of the romantic and humorous character of the plot, but on account of the very deft treatment it receives at the hands of the players.

Miss Ann Murdock is a beautiful young woman living with an ambitious aunt. The latter persuades her to accept a rich, fatuous young man. All the preparations are complete for the wedding when Mr. Charles Cherry turns up. He is an old flame. He persuades Miss Murdock to run away with him, and the assembled wedding guests explode with excitement. It is Mr. Cherry's in-

numerous enough to push forward to success by weight of numbers and the force of individual prowess. The book by Mr. Tanner hasn't much to do with it. Without the pictures the book would be uninteresting, and it is negligible in any account of what happens in the production. The title of the opera is justified by a story in which a girl, in order to escape being too much married, leaves her unhappy home, hides in London, and is pursued by a Mormon Elder, is harbored by Gaiety girls, is made love to by many men, falls in love with one of them, dances with all of them, and is rescued by means of various scenes of comedy and by the powerful aid of battalions of dancers, including, of course, musical expression in abundance. Donald Brian, Joseph Cawthorn and Julia Sanderson, consistently with the story, but mainly in their individual capacities, prevailed over a mediocre book, and on occasion made inanities cheerful. Miss Sanderson is charming, for whatever she loses in the full measure of one quality she gains in another, and does not fall too short in any. Even in the operas of the day, which bring their share to the entertainment, it must be confessed that personality in the singer and dancer has the upper hand. It is rare that the character in the action can please without the adjuncts and qualities of the performers. We do not mean mere adequate fitness of the actors, but extraordinary qualities, for which the text is but occasion for display. In this particular opera this is particularly true. And in this sense "The Girl from Utah" has its delightful moments. When Julia Sanderson and Donald Brian dance together we have a full measure of contentment. Joseph Cawthorn is droll, and if what he says and does is sometimes old he strikes a new note often enough to give us good value. Thus his song with Elsie Janis, so popular in London, "*Florrie, the Flapper*," was an odd bit of comedy, new in its oddness. In addition to these principals, there were other performers in the large and competent cast whose activities were well directed, among them Venita Fitzhugh and Queenie Vassar. The equipment and staging of the



Copyright Charles Frohman Charles Cherry Ann Murdock
Act II. Andre (Mr. Cherry)—"Just see how delightfully everything has turned out for us."
SCENE IN "THE BEAUTIFUL ADVENTURE" AT THE LYCEUM

tention to take Miss Murdock to her grandmother's old cottage and leave her there to get a license. But Granny, dear old Mrs. Whiffen, has gotten there first, and mistaking Cherry for the husband that was to be, treats the couple as man and wife. They never get a chance to explain their plight, and after a daring scene, treated with great delicacy and acted with exquisite charm, the young couple become man and wife *de facto* if not *de jure*. The final act, where the fatuous young man turns up, Ernest Lawford, paves the way for a happy wedding that only needs a license to make legal.

The entire play really falls on the shoulders of the four players mentioned. Miss Murdock as the heroine shows marked strides in her profession, and is ingenuously unaffected and sincerely moving in the romantic passages. Mr. Cherry is nice and manly, Mrs. Whiffen her sweet, charming self, and Mr. Lawford drolly quaint as the jilted one.

COHAN. "IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE." Farcical play in three acts by Roi Cooper Megrue and Walter Hackett. Produced on September 8th with this cast:

Mary Grayson, Ruth Shepley; Johnson, George Schaeffer; Comtesse de de Beaurien, Louise Drew; Rodney Martin, Grant Mitchell; Cyrus Martin, John W. Cope; Ambrose Peel, Will Deming; Marie, Cecile Breton; William Smith, Harry Driscoll; Doonald McChesney, W. J. Brady; Miss Burke, Vivian Rogers; Ellery Clark, Kenneth Hill; George Bronson Sydney Seaward.

Whether he writes the plays himself or selects those of others, George M. Cohan is very clever at picking winners. His latest offering at the Cohan Theatre, entitled "It Pays to Advertise," is described as a farcical fact in three acts, and was written by Roi Cooper Megrue and Walter Hackett. It is a veritable scream and is likely to run as long as its humorous predecessor did. It is racy, of the soil, and, like "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," deals with semi-bunco types, one of which, Ambrose Peel, will live in theatrical literature, while his exponent, Will Deming, for glibness of conversation, serene cheek and good nature became an instant favorite. Rodney Martin, son of a rich soapmaker, falls out with his father because he won't work. Taunted to the quick and robbed of the girl he'd marry, he resolves to make soap himself and drive his father out of business. Peel says publicity is the only method that spells success, and so they resolve on a campaign that shall mean the exploitation of a brand that the father must ultimately buy out. How they raise the money, how they get out of their business difficulties, how they finally sell out for a wonderful price, is told in a succession of scenes that are human and at the same time hilariously funny. The construction is splendidly ingenious, the lines are snappy and witty, and the characterization sure and well defined. Grant Mitchell was capital as the son, John W. Cope a stern but human father, Ruth Shepley one of those marvellous typewriters and business women of to-day, and Louise Drew as an adventuress was more than excellent in the purity and rapidity of her French, while the humor she brought to the rôle showed all the best traditions of the Drew family.

HARRIS. "WHAT HAPPENED AT 22." Play in three acts by Paul Wilstach. Produced on August 21st with this cast:

Willoughby	Charles Abbe	Francis Knowlton, Jr.	M. Duncan
Hollister	Frank Sheridan	Mr. Hart	D. Wilson
Louise Lloyd	Carroll McComas	Celia	Helen Crane
Dave Wilson	Reginald Barlow	Mrs. Schultz	Elizabeth Arians
Inspector McBride	J. K. Hutchinson	Miss Knowlton	Estar Banks
Francis Knowlton	Frank K. Cooper	Webb	Charles Abbe

It is natural enough that playwrights should fall back on melodrama as a sure recourse for success, but the tendency is reactionary. The best of melodramas could hardly put the stage forward. Its only chance is to attach itself to some conditions of the day, melodrama being primitive contrasts, good and evil. When the struggle between the two, the object of the play being to right a wrong, such a melodrama, as old and much derided



Copyright Charles Frohman Jessie Glendenning

John Drew

Act II. Michael (Mr. Drew)—"Pearls—magnificent pearls."

SCENE IN "THE PRODIGAL HUSBAND" AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE

as is the form, acquires a right to exist. "What Happened at 22" is too much the old thing. The circumstance that the evil machinations have their beginning in an employment agency would look, for a moment, to promise a needed exposure of the methods sometimes used for vicious ends. But the agency is merely an incident. It cloaks the operations of a professional swindler, one of the two members of the firm. The only specific use he makes of it is to introduce himself, as butler, into the house of a man of wealth in order to prosecute his scheme against the virtue and safety of a girl whom he is

(Continued on page 195)

I T has remained "On Trial"—A Play Written Backwards sociological drama, in which the conditions precedent

upset all the conventions of playwriting. Elmer L. Reizenstein is the young man, and "On Trial" is the play—his first!



Elmer L. Reizenstein

And yet, "On Trial," which is one of the substantial successes of the new season, is nothing but good old-fashioned melodrama. It is a compound of nearly all the standard devices known to the stage, even to the almost inevitable happy ending. "There's not a new thing in the whole play—everything there is as old as Aristotle," confessed its author. "The only thing that is different is the way I wrote it—backwards." And when you ask him why he wrote his play backwards, he tells you for practice.

"Last winter I read a criticism in one of the magazines, in which it was stated that the plays then on Broadway were so poorly done they could be acted backwards as well as forwards. Then it occurred to me that it would be an interesting experiment to write a play backwards, just to see how it would work out—to make it analytic instead of synthetic, deductive instead of inductive—to make it break down instead of build up."

That is just what "On Trial" does. Cleverly devised and worked out, it continually reverts back, step by step, to the conditions precedent to the action of the piece, and in this play they become a living part of the action itself. This is accomplished by a unique and skillful employment of the motion picture idea in supplying life to the argument. And in resolving the premise into its elements visually to the audience—causing everything incident to the drama as a whole to be acted out in all its material parts and not merely alluded to by the characters in the play—there, after all, is a stronger building up of the complete action than it is possible to obtain merely by reference in an occasional line uttered by a character. There is a stronger propelling force in the incidents of the piece, and, despite the method pursued by the author in breaking down instead of building up his play, his very revolutionary scheme develops a new dramaturgy. This is a union of the life-giving action of motion pictures with the spoken drama. The possibilities of Mr. Reizenstein's new form of play construction strike one as being of unlimited scope and dramatic power. Consider how it would work out in a big

to the main action would be acted out, separately and distinctly, to show their strong bearing on the whole.

How does he combine the motion picture idea with playwriting? That is what playgoers do not understand. They accept the result—why? Because it is visual. They see. It brings to mind the old advice to "believe nothing you hear and only half that you see." Just as pictorial journalism is more vital than column after column of plain type, so Mr. Reizenstein's new form of drama is keener to the sensibilities of the average theatergoer than the usual purely spoken drama.

It is very simple. Only, like many other really big ideas, no one ever thought of it before. It was left to Mr. Reizenstein to borrow the thunder of the "movies" and introduce it into an ordinary type of play. Instead of writing long speeches to be put into the mouths of his characters to explain what the play is all about, he took those characters and made them go back a little ahead of the action and live over again the various incidents concerned in the plot. The whole thing then became a matter, more or less, of stage mechanics.

Then the young author remembered that a play which relied almost entirely upon its mechanics for success, since it otherwise was most amateurish—"The Poor Little Rich Girl" was put together and built into a lasting stage structure by a young theatrical manager who hitherto had been identified exclusively with vaudeville productions—Arthur Hopkins. Feeling that the man who put on "The Poor Little Rich Girl" was just the kind of man who would see possibilities in an idea like his, Mr. Reizenstein took the play to him. Needless to say, it did not take Mr. Hopkins long to gauge the possibilities of "On Trial." In less than an hour he had purchased the producing rights! After reading the play over more carefully, he told the young author that it was a good idea, but that he had better get a little more human nature and less plot into it. So Mr. Reizenstein went home and wrote an entirely fresh play—new characters, new plot—merely using the same framework. Then it was up to Mr. Hopkins to reel off the scenes, to put the play on the screen, so to speak, since it is largely a sort of motion picture drama. This was easy enough to do so far as the scenes themselves were concerned, since the author had worked them all out. What had to be done now was to so devise the scenes, eleven in all, that they would move without a hitch.

Since the opening night there have been any number of conjectures as to how the many scenes of

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Copyright Charles Frohman

Helen Hayes Brown

John Drew

Act I. Giroux tries to amuse little Simone

SCENE IN "THE PRODIGAL HUSBAND," THE NEW COMEDY AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE

WATCHING THE SCREEN



Marta learns to love Maneligh

MME. BERTHA KALICH IN THE FAMOUS PLAYERS' NEW FILM "MARTA OF THE LOWLANDS"

GOOD pictures and bad come for a day, possibly a week, seldom more than that, and then pass into oblivion. Of course, they don't really reach oblivion for all the months that the tin boxes are travelling from town to town, but they might as well in so far as a given neighborhood is concerned. Back in the spring of 1913, J. Stuart Blackton, vice-president of the Vitagraph Company, lamented this condition purely from the standpoint of a showman. He regretted seeing the word of mouth advertising going to waste. "People may tell their friends that they like such and such a film, but what good does it do if that film has been taken off," was his comment in substance. He was bold enough to prophesy a day when photoplays, like stage plays, would have runs according to their merits.

Since then his prophesy has been in part fulfilled at the Vitagraph Theatre and others. Possibly a dozen photoplays have been dignified by runs, but the customary appearance of even the best pictures in the leading theatres of the larger cities is limited to seven days. That is quite long enough, save in exceptional instances, which may be taken to prove the rule. The exceptions in mind are Jesse L. Lasky's "The Call of the North," and D. W. Griffith's "The Avenging Conscience," unlike in almost everything save their superiority and their hasty passage to give place to productions of minor significance. When theatres with large clientèles to draw upon adopt a more elastic system of booking, merit may gauge the length of time a picture is on exhibition, and then slow-moving souls will have an opportunity to profit by the advice of their neighbors. Noteworthy films will be less ephemeral and poor ones won't have a chance. That, of course, is as it should be.

"The Call of the North" does what many other pic-

tures have aimed to do—depict the Canadian northwest—only it does it much more graphically. Stewart Edward White's novel, "Conjuror's House," made a strong foundation, and the director put life into the photoplay structure he reared about it. The picture is true—true to the beauties of the Canadian wilderness, true to the characters of the Hudson Bay Trading Company era, true to Mr. White's story in fact and spirit. Whatever the function of realism on the stage, its inestimable value in pictures intended to visualize an out-of-door tale is not open to question.

In the second notable film of late summer origin, we find something at once more ambitious and less thoroughly satisfying. Whereas "The Call of the North" deals with physical con-

ditions and elementary passions, Griffith's "The Avenging Conscience" seeks to recall the beautiful poetry and the nightmares of Edgar Allan Poe, as suggested by the poem *Annabel Lee* and the story "The Tell-Tale Heart." The picture is not meant to be a transcript of anything that Poe wrote; rather, it is expected to conjure up the visions that passed through the poet's mind as he penned exquisite lines or blood-curdling horrors. Wind-swept clouds drift over rolling meadowland; a brook gurgles through the pasture while Annabel Lee and her lover sit dreaming on the bank and all the world is sunshine and flowers. Again, fairies dance in the dusk of evening, the earth grows dark, a murderer is tormented by his conscience; he is going insane; he sees menacing hands about to clutch his throat—and so the story runs, filled with contrasts, abounding in atmosphere. But Griffith's inspiration is not in evidence through all of the six reels, remarkably original as they are. Several scenes seem inappropriate in a production of such high intent, and the perfectly conven-



Light Mutual Film Corp.
NANCHE SWEET



LILLIAN GISH



MARY PICKFORD IN "SUCH A LITTLE QUEEN"



E MARSH



DOROTHY GISH



Copyright Moffett

DOROTHY DICKSON

Exponent of the modern dances



Copyright Moffett

CARRIE MONROE

Seen on tour recently in the Weber & Fields Co.



Copyright Moffett

ELIZABETH LAINE

Singer heard recently in public

tional happy ending is Poe sugar-coated.

What is the basis for Director Griffith's acknowledged pre-eminence? Why, at thirty-five, with only six years' experience behind him, is he the undisputed leader among American directors? A few facts may point toward an answer, even if they don't supply it. From his first recollection with the Biograph Company he has disregarded precedents. In every department of photoplay making he has been creative. He brought characters close to the camera that expressions might be more effective; he revolutionized the arrangement of scenes in order to increase dramatic suspense; he went to Robert Browning and other strange sources for stories, and he trained players until they became tools to do his bidding. This last is typical of Griffith, the machine builder. Having gained a reputation, he retained it and enlarged upon it by enlisting efficient support. His camera men are experts, his assistant directors and actors the product of his own schooling. While other directors have been shifting about, struggling with first one set of players, then another, Griffith has been building consistently for the future. He chose his aids, developed them and kept them, and they are a factor worth considering in estimating his success.

Blanche Sweet, the Gish sisters, Lillian and Dorothy, and Mae Marsh, are Griffith-made actresses, whose first important experience was gained in the Biograph studio under his direction. Since Mary Pickford made other connections, these four young women have figured prominently in practically all of the Griffith pictures, Miss Sweet generally playing the leads. Broadly speaking, they are of the same type—girlish, slight, sensitive. They have little in common with the orthodox leading women, who aim either at queenly beauty or innocent, ingenue sweetness. In appearance they do not suggest the stage, and the result of their histrionic molding is a distinctive style of acting—the acting taught in the Griffith school, and for naturalness seldom approached elsewhere. Of course, it has conventions of its own, but they are not the conventions of screen emotion. Sweeping gestures, fainting on slight provocation, falling on the arm of a chair to weep, and kindred actions that may be seen on the screen every day, though seldom in life, give place to restraint. Grief, joy, love, jealousy and variations of these human sensations, are "registered" by facial expressions, tentative movements and sometimes the immobility that follows emotion of stunning power. It has been urged that all of Griffith's players are much the same. Perhaps they are, but it is a natural sameness.

From the two productions already mentioned to "Northern

Lights" is a fearful tumble. The film version of the old-time melodrama is worth mentioning only as a fair example of what happens when a producer overreaches himself and tries to give the public a little of everything without having the facilities to give anything of

importance. The picture was boldly announced as a psychological Western melodrama. Its psychology rests on the case of a young man who, born a coward by reason of prenatal influence, shakes off his life-long cowardice when he receives a note from the girl he loves. The Western atmosphere depends upon Indians and soldiers fighting in the neighborhood of New York, and that the drama may be strong, a drug-taking doctor is made the victim of an injection he prepares for his wife. Working on the assumption that the public craves melodrama, however nonsensical, the producer altered the script so materially that the author renounced all responsibility for the film and requested that his name be withdrawn from announcements concerning it. About fifty per cent. of the so-called feature makers appear to believe that audiences lack ordinary reasoning powers.

This faith in the simplicity of the public found amusing expression during the early weeks of the European war, regarded as the psychological moments for the launching of war dramas. Films that have been on the shelves for years were resurrected, pieced together with titles indicating the present zone of conflict as the scene of action, and released as brand new. Not satisfied with the stock in hand, some enterprising manufacturers went further and made European war pictures, almost overnight. One of these hastily prepared concoctions utilizes the New York City College buildings for foreign castles and armories, and "supers" in uniforms, odd uniforms, too, are asked to give a martial tone to the peaceful haunts of students.

All of the companies issuing news films, such as Pathé's Weekly, went to their library stock for negatives including European rulers and European armies photographed during sham battles, or parades. The pictures were just what people wanted to see, and were well worth re-issuing to illustrate Europe's military preparedness; but beyond that they could not go, save in the mind of an imaginative title writer. Not more than ten days after the outbreak of hostilities between France and Germany, a scene was shown at the Strand Theatre, New York, purporting to depict the enthusiasm of a Paris crowd when troops were leaving for the front. Enough has been published about the paralysis of transportation for any audience to know that the film could not possibly have been photographed in Paris and shipped to this country

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White Madge Kennedy

Ray Cox

John Westley

Georgie Lawrence

John Cumberland

Mabel Acker

Act 2. Harry Hawkins (Mr. Westley)—"What are you doing here in those pajamas?"

SCENE IN THE FARCE COMEDY "TWIN BEDS" NOW AT THE FULTON THEATRE

THE Punch and Judy Theatre, located on Forty-ninth Street,

The Punch and Judy Theatre

The Punch and Judy Theatre will open its doors to the public on Tuesday

west of Broadway, is the latest of tiny playhouses to be added to Manhattan's swiftly growing number of luxurious theatres. This particular little theatre has been built by Charles Hopkins, who, besides being an actor, has had considerable managerial experience. Mr. Hopkins is an actor-manager in the best sense of the word. He owns his own playhouse; he will select the plays for production and act in them. The name of the playhouse is indicative of its size only. It may be a freak in size, but it is promised that it will not be so in the quality of the entertainment.

The Punch and Judy Theatre is the third of its kind to be opened in this city. The prototypes of this tiny playhouse are the Princess and Mr. Ames' Little Theatre. In two particulars these three theatres are alike—they are each complete theatres in themselves, not merely halls in office buildings, and each of them has a seating capacity of two hundred and ninety-nine seats, thus conforming to a certain fire law. It is said that the Punch and Judy Theatre is the smallest playhouse of its kind in the world. The building is constructed on a piece of ground forty by one hundred feet, and, despite this fact, the stage is large enough on which to present a musical comedy of the usual Broadway pattern. This has been made possible by the utilization of every inch of space.

The stage of the Punch and Judy Theatre is thirty feet deep and thirty-nine feet from wall to wall. The proscenium opening is twenty-six feet wide and nineteen feet six inches high. There are several theatres of extensive seating capacities in New York which have stages of smaller dimensions. From the proscenium to front of auditorium is forty-nine feet, there being eighteen rows of seats, one row having twelve seats, three of thirteen, and fourteen rows of fourteen seats. In addition to these two hundred and forty-seven seats, there will be fifty-two box seats. The auditorium will have the appearance, with its beamed ceiling, of a hall in a Tudor castle.

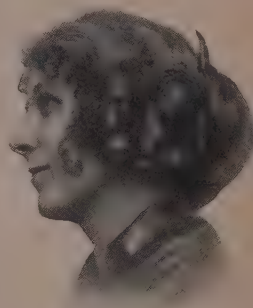
evening, November 10th. The play selected for the initial attraction will be Harold Chapin's comedy, "The Marriage of Columbine." This comedy was presented with considerable success at the Repertory Theatre in Glasgow two years ago. Both Mr. Hopkins and his wife will appear in this comedy. Other members of the cast will be Herbert Yost, Charles Hampten, Louise Closser Hale, Daisy Vivian, Eleanor Carey, and Vera Pole. Lionel Belmore is the stage manager.

Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins have had considerable stage experience. Mr. Hopkins made his debut with John Drew at the Empire Theatre in "Jack Straw," in 1908. Then followed several seasons with Ben Greet's company, in which he impersonated such characters as Petruchio in "Taming of the Shrew," Sir Andrew Aguecheek in "Twelfth Night," Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice," Young Marlow in "She Stoops to Conquer," and Sir Benjamin Backbite in "The School for Scandal." During a season in stock in Washington, D. C., he was seen as Hook in "Peter Pan," Carl Heinrich in "Old Heidelberg," Thomas Whamond in "The Little Minister," and Frederic Gad in "Trelawney of the Wells." Mr. Hopkins is the author of two plays: "In Glass Houses," written in collaboration with Robert Housum, and "How Much Is a Million?" in which he appeared in Chicago for a run a year ago last spring.

Prior to her marriage to Charles Hopkins, four years ago, Mrs. Hopkins was known on the stage as Violet Vivian. Mrs. Hopkins has been actively engaged in the theatre since she was eight years of age. Before coming to America, seven years ago, Mrs. Hopkins, with her sister Ruth and her brother George, was one of the Les Petites Vivians. This trio appeared together in England for eleven years. They had the honor of appearing, by special command, before Queen Victoria in 1897, and King Edward in 1902. When not engaged to appear



White CHARLES HOPKINS



White MRS. CHARLES HOPKINS

in the principal pantomimes in England, they acted in the principal music halls. While in England Mrs. Hopkins was especially engaged to appear with Ben Greet's company in Shakespearean plays. With the latter organization in America, Mrs. Hopkins has impersonated Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet," Viola in "Twelfth Night," Ann Page in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Miranda

in "The Tempest," "Lady Teazle in "The School for Scandal," and Kate Hardcastle in "She Stoops to Conquer." She has also appeared in a number of modern plays, such as Lady Babbie in "The Little Minister," Rose in "Trelawney of the Wells," and Peter Pan. With her husband she was seen in "How Much Is a Million?" in Chicago.

J. O. Francis--A Welsh Dramatist of Significance

LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN offered a prize of one hundred pounds for the best Welsh play written by a Welshman—which competition luckily hastened the completion of "Change," a superlative example of stage composition which we in New York so heedlessly neglected when it was presented at the Booth Theatre last winter. In a recent letter, Mr. J. O. Francis, the author of "Change," describes the founding of the Welsh National Drama Company, dependent on the repertory of prize plays gathered together by Lord Howard since 1911, and on the dramas Lord Howard himself had written under the pen name of "T. E. Ellis." This Welsh organization began operations at Cardiff in May last, giving its plays both in Welsh and in English. The opening bill was "Change," and Cardiff was treated to the first performance of a real Welsh play by professionals ever given in the history of Wales.

Thus launched, the Welsh National Drama Company went further in its arrangements. Wales is economically divided into two parts—the industrial section of the south, the agricultural section of the north. In the towns the population is easily accessible, but in the country the communal interest is so scattered as to be difficult to concentrate. The drama has suddenly taken hold in Wales, after centuries of imperviousness to all the florescent period which added lustre to English literature. And in this sudden renaissance, with little or no tradition to support, the Welsh National Drama Company determined that no part of Wales should be without access to a theatre. At first it was thought that the Calvinistic spirit of the people would oppose the movement, but that was quickly overcome in a most surprising manner: the Chapel folk embraced the movement with a certain amount of unexpected fervor. The difficulty was geographical, was physical. How to overcome it was the next task of the Welsh National Drama Company. Plans were laid to purchase a large travelling theatre for the country districts—"not a mere travelling booth," so Mr. Francis wrote, "but a large, commodious, electric-lighted arrangement, collapsible and drawn by traction engines. Of course, this is rather novel and involves risks, but the authorities seem to be going into this drama business with the courage that deserves success." This theatre was to be set in motion during the month of August.

When the war cloud burst over Europe, and whether or not Wales has had the time and the inclination to continue with its propaganda experiment is not known. But this much is significant: Wales has the seeds of a dramatic movement which is thoroughly native, and it may claim that one of its very first products, "Change," challenges comparison with the best that has come forth out of the "new" drama period in England. There was no thought of a general continental war when Mr. Francis wrote; his letter was full of the industrial problems, the substances in Welsh life from which might arise the grave spirit of syndicalism—those substances which constitute the web and woof of his play.

The play "Change" comes out of the very Welsh tradition of

which Mr. Francis is a part. Religious, social and economic forces in Wales are at the very heart of this play; and they are stated with such conviction that it may be taken without questioning that they are at the very heart of the man himself. Mr. Francis is young, possessing a Welsh temperament shot through with larger aspirations than mere local pride. From his correspondence and from his play it may be inferred that he gets quickly to the centre of his environment, that he has a clear perceptive faculty, that he is ever alert for new tendencies. There is nothing self-conscious about him; there is all of the youthful power of any man born, as Mr. Francis was, so early as September 7, 1882.

Throughout the facts given by the author of "Change" one seems to see Mr. Francis listening—listening in the presence of grown folk as they talked on religion, politics, and matters of the world's work. His first theatre-going was a matter of quiet observation under the most primitive conditions. One sees a lad seated with a motley crowd of coal and iron-workers around a bucket of live charcoal—part of an audience keeping warm while a performance of "Macbeth" was being given in a show booth typical of the Wales of that day. One sees him an on-looker during the labor disputes which resulted in long and tedious strikes, with the possible appeal to arms and with the possible killing of a man or two in the crowd. Here and there, Francis, the boy, with his wits sharpened to the possible meaning of all this, would pause and hearken to groups of men upholding Liberalism, and mixing into their talk phrases about the rights of labor. One sees him an awed spectator before the magic personality of Keir Hardie.

In his boyhood, this same youth found himself in the midst of a religious revival; he saw people fluctuate between the old belief and the new; he saw old traditions struggle for supremacy, and in that struggle he saw the reasonable claim they had for acceptance. When he was old enough he entered into that new education life which swept over Wales and flowered in the intermediate schools of the land. Then he went to what is known as the "poor man's college," because it was furthered into being through the will of the poor man—a college overlooking the sea at Aberystwyth. There, he threw himself heart and soul into the Fabian movement, having during the years heard the advance murmur of socialism, and having stood on the edge of that crowd which always follows the street preacher of a new social doctrine.

Mr. Francis describes his early literary efforts, when he would hide himself in a railway station and write down the dialogue for his first play—a manuscript now lost in reality but very vivid in memory. So now, during his college days, he attempted to put into literary form some of his ideas, all the time with the conviction that he would turn journalist as soon as he had taken his degree. But forces were working in other channels for him. He won honors in English during his final year at College, and when he was through he left for Paris, where he took up teaching. Here again we see Francis

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J. O. FRANCIS
Author of "Change"



Carroll McComas Robert Fischer
Hollister: "There, I've let the cat out of the bag"



Carroll McComas Reginald Barlow
Wilson: "Wouldn't you like to have these?"



Reginald Barlow Carroll McComas
Wilson: "What I do not love I hate!"



Louise: "Has anyone noticed
how heavily the 'i' is dotted?"

Louise: "No, no—he's not
guilty!"



Photos White

Malcolm Duncan

Estar Banks

Carroll McComas

Frank: "Is Louise your new doctor?"



Mishkin

JESSIE BONSTELLE
Co-director of Northampton's
Municipal Theatre



THE MUNICIPAL THEATRE OF NORTHAMPTON, MASS.



Matzene

BERTRAM HARRISON
Co-director of Northampton's Municipal
Theatre

America's Only Municipal Theatre

THERE are a hundred and one towns of 20,000 to 30,000 population in these United States. One of them—Northampton, Massachusetts—has our only Municipal Theatre. How does Northampton differ from the other towns of 20,000 or 200,000, or two million inhabitants, which have not tried this theatrical experiment? How does it differ from Pittsfield, Massachusetts—the nearby town of 35,000, where a not very unlike experiment was attempted in 1912 and ended after a year of near-success in surrender to the burlesquers?

Well, Northampton is an older town than most—260 years old—but age does not commonly make for radicalism. Then, again, it is an elm-shaded college town—seat of several preparatory schools and of Smith, the largest American college for women. But American college towns, again, are likely to prove “sot” in their ways, and, if not exactly unprogressive, yet little given to innovation. Finally, Northampton is a mill-town—manufacturing, among other things, silk stockings enough to account for America’s higher cost of living. A good many French Canadians live there, and French Canadians, earning modest wages and using comparatively little English, are likelier to support the two moving-picture theatres than the Academy of Music, where the Northampton Players dispense “stock” every evening but Sunday and at two matinées. Yet somewhere from the 20,000 is supplied the initiative to undertake, to manage and to patronize a municipal theatre—the only public institution of its kind north of “uncivilized” Mexico. And to judge by the spirited giving and taking of “The Little Minister,” which I saw there last spring, Northampton is not only the possessor of a town theatre, but is proud in its possession. I was sorry not to see a Wednesday matinée, too, for that is the day when most old ladies bring their knitting, and old ladies ought to like “The Little Minister,” especially. Springfield, the five-times-larger city forty minutes distant from Northampton by Boston and Maine train time, has its “Municipal Buildings”—beautiful, unique and worth both the millions they have cost; but Springfield has no town theatre, and knows it.

Northampton has had a Municipal Theatre ever since 1892, when the Academy of Music was given to the town by the late Edward H. R. Lyman, merchant in tea and silks. Mr. Lyman’s

business often took him abroad, and he saw the excellence of the system by which,

especially in Germany, towns of modest size have their own theatres and find in them intellectual and aesthetic and social delight. So, at a cost of \$100,000, he had the roomy building of red brick and stone erected in Main Street and fitted it up with 1,004 seats and a modern stage, and had a play-bill passed by the State Legislature authorizing the town to accept his gift, and the Northampton Academy of Music was an accomplished fact. But not till the fall of 1912 did the town have its own company of players. Until then it depended for dramatic refreshment on the touring companies—good, bad or indifferent. It was the lack of really good plays and the uncertainty of routing conditions in a one-night stand town that brought about, in 1912, the organization of the local stock company, on the advice of Henry Miller, actor-manager, and George Pierce Baker, professor of dramatic literature at Harvard College. A daring venture it was, especially if you remember the failure of New York’s New Theatre in Central Park West, and reflect that New York has four millions to draw on, to say nothing of New Jersey people.

Though prices at the Northampton Academy of Music are low enough by metropolitan standards—fifty cents buys the best seat in the house at matinées and seventy-five cents turns the trick of an evening—yet these sums loom large when five cents gets you by the movie door.

It was on October 7, 1912, that the Northampton Players made their first bow to their public, presenting that standby of stage sentiment, “Old Heidelberg.” And it was with real dismay that I much more recently read of the Municipal Theatre being in grave difficulties. It seemed hardly believable. Last year the theatre was the “whole thing”; enthusiasts saw the same play twice the same week. The hardworking actors and actresses of the company were hospitably received by the townspeople; everyone was interested in all their little domestic arrangements; when the villain was seen of an afternoon wheeling his baby coach, it was the subject of comment in the town, and of friendly

Scenes in "The Girl from Utah" now at the Knickerbocker Theatre



Copyright Charles Frohman

Joseph Cawthorne

Donald Brian

Julia Sanderson

ACT II. ACTING "THE TRAPPER'S WIFE" FOR THE MOVIES



Copyright Charles Frohman

ACT I. JULIA SANDERSON AND JOSEPH CAWTHORNE SINGING
"WE'RE GETTING ON VERY WELL"



Copyright Charles Frohman

ACT II. JULIA SANDERSON AND DONALD BRIAN SINGING
"THEY DIDN'T BELIEVE ME"



Mollett

JEANETTE HORTON

Appearing as Myra Thornhill, the adventuress, in "Seven Keys to Baldpate"

comment. The street cars carried free advertisements of the week's play. When the players mounted a translation of Molière's "Learned Ladies," and had need of seventeenth century "properties," one lady lent a Louis XIV table, and another some very dainty mirrors. That was typical. One would read on the program of a modern piece a notice like this: "Furniture lent by the McCallum Company." Some one else lent a grandfather's clock. Nothing was too old to be turned over to the players for their use in "Pomander Walk," or too new to be lent for "The Fortune Hunter." People took a personal and a local pride in their playhouse, their players, their plays. And then—all out of a clear sky—to learn that the audiences had fallen away, that the town was rife with criticism, that the younger Mr. Lyman's subsidy for the year was almost exhausted, that the first attempt to have a municipal theatre in America bade fair to end in dismal failure!

The difficulties were various. First of all, several of the

previous season's principals had not been re-engaged, and there was in some quarters a denial that their places had been filled more advantageously, albeit, more economically. Then there was the fact that the President of Smith College had forbidden his protégées to stay up later than ten o'clock more than one night a week, and that had reduced the student attendance not a little. Finally, the theatre was no longer a novelty. Some of the good people who had been going every week were glutted with theatricals, even as the bored New Yorker with his forty-something playhouses. One damaging criticism applied to the plays themselves. Royalties that looked excessive to the Northampton managers had to be paid for new plays, it was explained, and therefore few new ones were put on. The town seemed to dread "high-brow" plays, and when Maeterlinck's "Sister Beatrice" was presented (this was before the Belgian's works went on the Index), there was such a falling off in attendance that a week's receipts added up to about \$900. On the other hand, certain "high-brows" found the bills too frivolous, and the betwixt-and-between pieces offered by the management kindled no great enthusiasm in either camp. The compromise is no easy matter to arrange, but variety is obviously essential. Here is the list of plays presented during the present season up to the holding of a mass-meeting of citizens on January 3d:

"The Liars," "The Cottage in the Air," "Raffles," "Our Wives," "The Madonna," "The Dear Departed," "The Light from St. Agnes," and "Frédéric Lemaitre," "Clothes," "The House of the Thousand Candles," "The College Widow," "The Talk

of New York," "The Talker," "Sister Beatrice," and "William of the Woods" (a one-act prize play by Miss Katherine McDowell Rice, of Ashfield, Mass.—a neighborhood play), "The Family."

This list is commonplace compared with the repertory of, let us say, Miss Horniman's Manchester Theatre in England; but that comparison is hardly fair. Manchester is a city big enough to contain a number of Northampton. Anyway, criticism of the last-named piece in the list of Northampton plays, and of the "social comedies" generally, was especially outspoken. The morality of "The Family," a play by R. H. Davis, was debated. And the success of a community theatre is, obviously enough, dependent upon its having and holding a high reputation for "good" plays. In New York your New Englander may not be adverse to sensationalism—but at home! (His family! His community standing!! And what will the neighbors say!!!) The mass-meeting and the co-operation of citizens of Northampton generally in running their own theatre has now



Photos White

Mary Ryan

Frederick Perry

Act 2. A tense moment in the court room scene--Mrs. Strickland in the witness chair



Frederick Truesdell

Mary Ryan

Act 2. "I will love you all my life"



Mary Ryan as Mrs. Robert Strickland

House of Representatives

The realistic jury room scene in the epilogue

SCENES IN ELMER L. REIZENSTEIN'S PLAY "ON TRIAL" AT THE CANDLER THEATRE

been gained, but not before some of the Edwards Church people complained that their municipal playhouse was importing a Broadway atmosphere into Main Street. And the week that truly pure but undeniably frank play, "The Family," was given, \$765 was the balance on the wrong side of the ledger.

Now it is all changed. The receipts at one Saturday's performances of a single play, given last spring, came near to equalling six days' total receipts only two weeks earlier. Pieces like Pintero's "Amazons," and those American standbys, "The Gentleman from Mississippi," "The Lion and the Mouse," "The Travelling Salesman," "The House Next Door" (by the author of "Peg o' My Heart"), "The Girl With the Green Eyes," and "The Dawn of a To-morrow," have been generously welcomed. It looks, indeed, as if the Northampton Players were to have many to-morrows. For one thing, their advising managers, Mr. Bertram Harrison and Miss Jessie Bonstelle (resident for the greater part of each week in New York City), now choose the plays in consultation with a committee of six Hampshire County people—two members of the Smith and Amherst College faculties, the wife of the silk stocking manufacturer, two merchants, and the leading town jeweler. It would seem to be a representative committee. Anyway, over 1,000 persons pledged themselves to support the performances from January 19th to the end of the season, and one week, that of "The Little Minister," the best of the two years' business records was established: twenty-four hundred dollars. This is over one-fifth of the earning capacity of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York on a crowded evening, and everyone is immensely cheered by that record—the actors and actresses have thrown themselves into their tasks with a very real appreciation of the town's rallying to their support. When the theatre was closed for the summer, before the close of the Smith College term, the college girls turned out in force to do homage to the Town Players. As a soft-spoken dramatic reporter phrased it at the time, "Phalanxes of beautiful girlhood stood near the stage door, while the actors and actresses were coming out, and for each member of the company there was a special vocal greeting; but for Robert Homans and Robert Ames, the leading man and the president of the company, there were songs which had been especially composed for the occasion."

I understand that it costs but \$1,600 a week to maintain the

company and the playhouse. Even so, it has been hard sledding. "Stock means, under any conditions, hard work for the players; and on a specimen day of this particular company the players

rehearsed "The Gentleman from Mississippi" in the morning, played "The Little Minister" at the matinée, and in the evening gave the nearby town of Holyoke "The Amazons." That was on January 28—a Wednesday. Yet no day is exactly easy. From Mr. Maurice Tuttle, who plays minor rôles like Sergeant Davidson in "The Little Minister," but whose heart and soul are in the scene painting (where he really shines), to Mr. Cyril Raymond, a stage manager, and Miss Frances Goodrich, the youthful Vassar graduate, who makes a pathetic little Micah Daw, and says with real feeling, "You're so bonny!" to Babbie at the well (in real life, Miss Florence Carpenter), everyone is kept pretty busy. In stock you are, all at once, playing one piece, rehearsing next week's offering, and "reading" week after next's. "Stock" is no rest cure, though it may help to remedy some modern forms of neurasthenia.

Hard sledding, yes. The results achieved—and they may be improved upon another season—have been paid for, not only in Mr. Lyman's unusual generosity, but also in the devotion of



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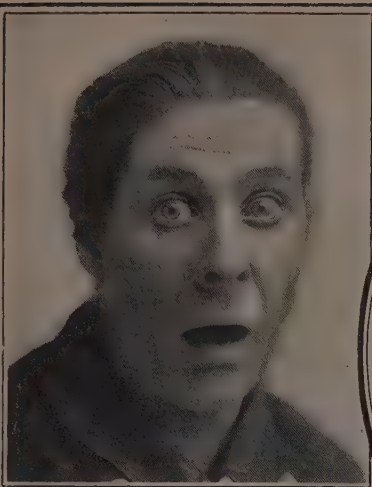
MADGE KENNEDY

Playing Blanche Hawkins in "Twin Beds," at the Fulton

such townspeople as Frank E. Davis, ex-President of the Northampton Board of Trade, and such Smith College professors as Miss Mary Jordan, of the English Faculty; in the enlightenment and assistance of a large proportion of the population generally. It would be risky for other towns of Northampton's size to try the experiment, successful though this particular experiment bids fair to prove. The experiment will bear watching.

There are obvious disadvantages in a municipality of Northampton's modest 20,000 undertaking the experiment, and yet there is also this to be thought of: In Northampton there are no other theatres except the moving picture houses to compete with the Academy of Music. Were there a larger population, and the competition of road companies playing houses, the larger population might perhaps give no better support; and certainly could never so intimately feel its civic proprietorship in the stock players. The question is a complicated one. What you think about it must in part depend upon what you really think of the playhouse, anyway, as a place of amusement and education. For my part, I think it a very important place and a very important instrument in civilization, an

(Continued on page 188)



Astonishment



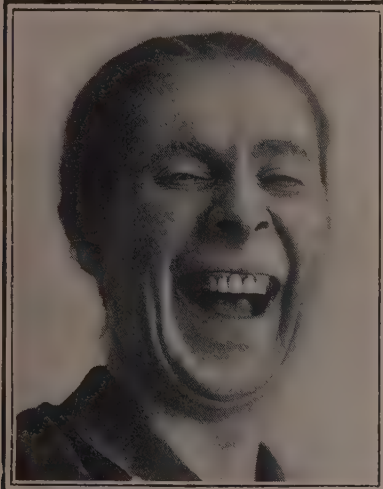
Photos White

MAUDE EBURNE

Appearing as Coddles, the cockney maid of all work, in "A Pair of Sixes," at the Longacre Theatre



Exultation



Joy



Fear

Tumbling Into Fame

THERE is an old saying among stock actors, "If you can't get a laugh, do a fall—it's sure fire." To attempt this on Broadway is very apt to be the finish of a player. Neverthe-

less, she had "landed," so Miss Eburne could afford to take her bruises lightly. But she did say she hoped she would never have to play another slavey part.

"I am tired of slaveys,"

she confessed. "But I do want to be a character woman to the end of my days. To my mind, work of this kind gives an actress a wide range, and it is interesting because of the incentive it gives one to study character."

"In a play called 'Captain Whittaker's Place,' with Tom Wise, I played a deaf woman who was always listening with her eyes. One day in a train I heard a woman behind me speaking to her companion, and I knew at once by her voice that she was deaf. In a short time I was able to imitate the voice of a deaf woman."

"When I was made up to play the part of the deaf woman in this play, and I went on just before the first act, Oscar Eagle, the stage director, thinking that I was the charwoman around the place, ordered me off the stage. Even when I looked at him in surprise, the expression on his face denoted that he still was certain I was the scrubwoman, and it was not until I spoke that he knew me. I had made up with an elongated nose, which added to the expression of the deaf woman, and, no doubt, was a further means of submerging my own personality and concealing my identity until I spoke."

"I have always tried to take my characters from life," explained Miss Eburne. "Coddles is little more than a copy of a servant we had at home in Toronto. She was English, with a most pronounced cockney accent, and although she was entirely at her ease and happy in the kitchen, fear and trembling seized her when we had guests and she was obliged to come in and serve things. You may have noticed how my hands shake when I bring in the cocktails. That's exactly the way poor Mary used to act. The clothes, shoes and lines in my face in the character of Coddles are copied faithfully in every detail from our old servant in Canada."

"In the quick changes of stock work, of course, one hasn't the time to find a type to suit the rôle. Frequently the members of a company have nothing more to help them than the pictures of the metropolitan players they find in the newspapers and

less, on the opening night of Edward Peple's farce, "A Pair of Sixes," in the Longacre Theatre, toward the end of last season, an actress unknown to Broadway, and so discouraged, even with her determination to "get over" at any cost, that she didn't care what happened, did a fall that convulsed both audience and critics and literally tumbled into fame over night. Simultaneously, Maude Eburne and the character she played, Coddles, became the talk of New York.

"When I let myself go I felt as though I were dropping dead, so far as the newspaper notices were concerned," said Miss Eburne. "I said to myself, 'Here goes!' and gave up all hope right there."

"I can laugh at my fears now," she reflected, "but I couldn't then. That fall would finish me—I was sure of it. The worst of it was that I had no one to blame but myself. It was not part of my "business" in the play to drop to the floor. It came about in the most accidental way."

"During a lull in rehearsals, while Mr. Frazee, the producing manager, was going over the manuscript, Mr. Parsons, who plays Nettleton, and I began 'kidding' each other on the stage."

"'Coddles,' he remarked, going quite outside his lines, 'take my advice and always remain a maiden.' I laughed and said, 'Say that again, then bump your nose against the scenery and I'll do a fall.' Just for fun we did the stunt, and then to our astonishment we heard Mr. Frazee call out: 'Keep that in. We'll do it if we die in a week.' Mr. Parsons and I immediately began to regret what we had done. But it was too late. Mr. Frazee had his mind made up and there was no help for us."

"That sort of character work goes in the tall timbers, but it won't go in New York," I whispered to Mr. Parsons. He groaned. And on the opening night, when we heard the shrieks, we could hardly believe our ears. Now my fear is I'll break a hip or something one of these nights. "I'm so sore as it is that I can't pass a drug store without strong craving for liniment."

magazines. A rather curious thing happened as the result of my trying to make myself look like Florine Arnold when I played the mother in a stock production of 'Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh.' I pushed my face up with a high collar and padded so generously that I seemed to be of ample proportions. After the first performance the manager of another stock company who happened to be in front came around and offered me an engagement, saying: 'We need a stout character woman.' I showed him my thin wrists, which had been covered, and told him that next week I was to play Mis' Hazey in 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.' He took one look at me and exclaimed, 'My God—pads!'

"I have often marvelled at the work done out in the small 'stocks,'" continued Miss Eburne. "There are men and women of splendid ability who have never set foot in New York. They know it would take years for them to get here, and so they hang back, afraid to take the step. That is the way I felt, and now that I am here I can hardly make myself believe that New York has been kind to me."

In the course of her career she, like the legion of others, has been to New York every year, but not to stay here. She and the others came to make the rounds of the managers' offices and the agencies, and if they were lucky enough to get an engagement at all it led them out of the city to the uttermost reaches of "the road."

If for no other reason than to emphasize the value of patience and perseverance, the theatrical career of Maude Eburne must command the attention of aspiring stage debutantes who dream of opportunities instead of making them. Until a few months ago Miss Eburne was quite unknown to New York's theatre-going population. For a dozen years she had seen young women in the profession rise to fame and electric lights, while she continued to plod along with small touring companies during the winter and managed to secure summer engagements with stock companies. And during this time, the nearest point she ever reached to the much-coveted Broadway engagement was Jersey City. This was after she had played a slavey with William Hawtrey in "The Old Firm," which failed.

"It was always difficult for me," she said, "because I do not look any type. If I had pulled my hair back tight and worn a queer hat the managers might have believed I was a 'character' woman; but I would never do it, so they passed me by."

"I wonder if you know what it means to spend year after year in repertoire and small stock companies? The stock company experience is the more pleasant because there is a constant

variation of parts. In a repertoire company you have your part in several plays, and you must keep at it all the time with very little relief; furthermore, they expect constant variety from you in these parts. If, as character woman, you have, for instance, as I had, six Irish parts at one time, the brogue in every one must be a little different. It is drudgery of the worst sort, and

the irony of it is that the more proficient you become in your work the more you are removing yourself from real opportunity.

"That is because if you tell the managers in looking for an engagement that you have had experience in stock and repertoire, they immediately refuse to consider you for anything else. I realize now that I probably got my first engagements because of lack of experience, not by possession of it, because I was not committed to any class of work at that time and was free for the first that came along."

"When I first came to New York I didn't know enough to describe the work I wanted to do. Some of the girls I met looking for engagements finally told me I must select some 'line,' and asked me what kind of work I wanted to do. I said I didn't want to be beautiful young girls or stately leading women, but wanted

parts that had something queer in them, especially if there were dialect. 'Aha,' they said, 'tell them you are a character woman,' and that's what I told them."

"That is the state I was in when my apprenticeship began. It was the beginning of thirteen years of the most discouraging kind of work, which we will pass over without describing the horrors. After leaving home, and a perfectly good Episcopalian one, too, to go on the stage to join a stock company in Buffalo, I returned after six months and was greeted with a chorus of: 'Well, how much did you save in this chosen profession of yours?' Of course, I had not saved a cent. I could not on the salary I was getting, and for several years it was the same way. Still, it was the cry of, 'Well, can you show us some results from this wonderfully lucrative business? What have you saved?'

"And the answer always was, 'Not much.' But it was always the hope that some day I would have a chance to show my people that acting was not a bad business after all. Then, as the years went on, my salary grew larger, but still my people looked upon it as a waste of time, and they could not understand why I should prefer the hardships of the road to absolute comfort and ease at home."

"I went back to New York for one more annual try for an engagement that might land me on Broadway, and if this failed me I had made up my mind to go

(Continued on page 188)



Otto Sarony

LOLA FISHER IN "UNDER COVER"

Miss Fisher is seen here hugging her favorite publication. One can almost hear her say, "Oh, the dear THEATRE MAGAZINE, how I love it!"



White
Scene in "Alias Jimmie Valentine," as played by stage children

Liberating the Stage Child

IT was Clara Bell Campbell that started Judge Lindsey on his fight for the stage child—Clara Bell Campbell, thirteen, leading lady in "The Blue Bird," yet *very* unhappy.

What was the trouble? Long, drudging hours? A starvation wage for Clara Bell and her mother? Cruel stage managers? Unkind or vicious fellow-actors?

Oh, no! nothing of the kind. In spite of what some good-hearted ladies have been saying about children on the stage, Clara Bell was very well off. She had a nice part in a nice company at a nice salary, and she had more of her mother than any little girl in the whole city of Boston. But all the same, she wanted to see Judge Lindsey and show him what the children's judge said he had never seen: an unhappy stage child.

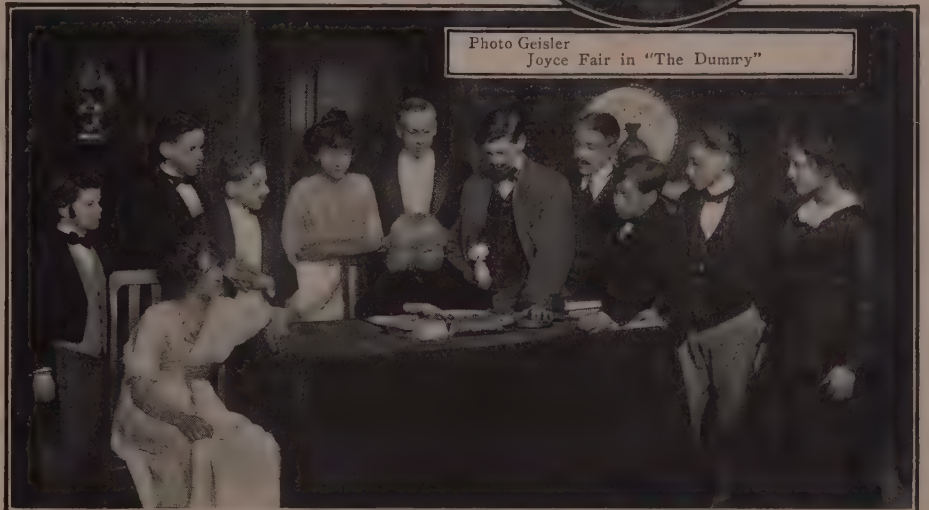
And the point of the whole business was that they wouldn't *let* her be a stage child that week. "The Blue Bird" was in Massachusetts, and Massachusetts says that no child under sixteen may act on the stage. So Clara Bell sat in the wings and cried, or went upstairs to their dressing-room to cry on her mother's shoulders—while out on the stage a dwarf was simpering through the lines of her beloved Mytyl.

And farther down Tremont Street, in dirty theatres, under evil conditions of atmosphere, associates and pay, poor little slaves of vaudeville and burlesque, far younger than Clara Bell, were evading the law that kept Clara Bell from happiness.

Conditions like these are what Judge Lindsey is trying to alter in his newest fight for childhood; and if it wasn't Clara Bell, strictly speaking, that brought the judge into the fight, it was a great many other children much like her. He had seen the vicious conditions under which stage children work in the cheaper sort of theatres, and he had found out how to correct that state of affairs in Colorado, by licensing child actors to appear in plays when certain conditions as to salary, educational opportunities and living conditions were met. But when he came to Chicago or Boston he found prohibitive laws that didn't prohibit, and that ended by creating just the opposite from the conditions he desired. There were poor little children acting when and where they shouldn't and these Clara Bells kept off the stage. And this touched and interested him perhaps more than the first—for he knew there were plenty of people to struggle for the unwilling little victims of the cheap theatres.



Photo Geisler
Joyce Fair in "The Dummy"



White
Scene in "Grumpy," as acted by stage children

"It was the pleas of these debarred children and their parents," he says, "that interested me most. The appeal also came to me from a large part of the public. Some of the best men and



Byron
School for children of players at the Rehearsal Club



White BELLE STORY
In a new musical comedy with Montgomery and Stone



Floyd GEORGIA O'RAMEY
Leading woman with the Progressive Film Co.



White ELIZABETH BRICE
To be seen shortly in "Watch Your Step"

women and public officials have, from time to time, volunteered in my presence the statement that there was an element of injustice in prohibiting all children from the stage. The people who have favored the stage child have not been the manufacturers, mill owners or employers of child labor."

Yet the fear that just such people, profit-takers from the labor of children, would be able to break through factory child-labor laws if an exemption were made in favor of stage children, explains why we find Judge Lindsey and Jane Addams lined up on opposite sides in this fight. Members of the Child Labor Committee have fought for and obtained general prohibitive child-labor laws in Massachusetts, Illinois, and one or two Western States, that bar children from the stage as well as the factory. The Child Labor Committee is about to begin the fight in New York, where the Gerry Law already puts restrictions, not all of them wise or complete, upon the child actor.

Judge Lindsey is urging a law, considerable of whose provisions are already in force in Colorado and Louisiana, that is devised to drive children from evil employment on the stage, to permit their appearances in good plays, under good, guaranteed conditions, and yet not to conflict with or harm the present child-labor laws. Judge Lindsey, himself an enthusiastic supporter of every effort to take the child out of the factory, is all the more eager for his own law because, he says, that as things stand, "I know of at least one State where an excellent child-labor law was defeated and hundreds of children in mines and other employments were or will be without protection for several years, because of the

effort to make the prohibition apply also to stage children.

"It does not follow that the exemption of the stage child from a child-labor law will result in other exemptions. My proposal is to have a special law concerning the special education of children wishing to be schooled in music and drama, just as we have special laws concerning the education of children in useful trades and occupations. The mere incident of their receiving money for their services is simply a fortunate one for the child. It is just as though the child were so skilled in carpentry work that the State could let him make money by selling his product, as is actually done in some cases."

There is little need to write of the evils under which a child may work on the stage, under which most stage children do work at the present time—even in the States with a blanket prohibition. But it is worth while considering the various ways proposed to prevent it. A wholesale taboo is the easiest sort of approach. It takes no brain labor. And, like most taboos, it simply doesn't work. More, it creates in Illinois and Massachusetts the worst of conditions.

To begin with, it is evaded by the worst theatres, the very places where evil exists in other States and from which the law was primarily designed to rescue the children. At a recent public meeting in Chicago, Mr. Davies, the Factory Inspector of Illinois, said that there are more children on the stage and unprotected in that State, under a prohibitive law, than ever in its history. There

is no public sentiment behind such legislation, and evasion is therefore an easy thing for the less scrupulous managers.

On the other hand, the law does work in regard to the better



Photo Ira L. Hill

BARONESS VON DEWITZ

This Danish dancer of the Theatre Royal, Copenhagen, who twice won beauty prizes in Denmark, was seen in Newport this summer in classic dances at several of the private villas. She is now appearing in the movies

theatres, where children are working under conditions that Judge Lindsey thoroughly approves. The manager of reputation can't risk a criminal suit and the harmful publicity of presenting a child at a theatre that is constantly in the limelight. Winthrop Ames—to use a really classic example—hesitated at bringing to Boston his beautiful children's play, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," and finally gave it up, because there was every chance that somebody would haul him into court for presenting happy children under happy conditions in a happy play.

Boston knows only too well what it has suffered dramatically from this prohibitive law that doesn't prohibit where it should. "Snow White" is not the only barred play. "The Piper" was never brought to the home city of the woman who wrote it, Josephine Preston Peabody, because almost the whole cast were children. David Belasco's "Good Little Devil" was to be produced in Boston, until the manager looked up the law. "The Blue Bird" was postponed fully a year while the managers gathered the company of children that actually came, children over sixteen and looking it. The illusion of many of the finest scenes—The Land of the Unborn Children, for instance—was spoiled by the age of the actors. Chicago and Boston saw a dwarf instead of Clara Bell Campbell as the little girl. This same dwarf does a thriving business in Massachusetts. When "The Littlest Rebel" was played there, she replaced the really remarkable young actress who is now "starring" the piece through the smaller cities.

It goes without saying that prohibition of child actors hampers the development of the acting profession. Many an actor—Maude Adams for one—began her career at an age which Illinois and Massachusetts would not countenance. "Who's Who On the Stage" gives an interesting insight into the famous names which would not now adorn our stage if we had had such laws in the seventies and eighties. The absence of practiced young actors and actresses to play budding youth illusively is largely chargeable to conditions which have prevented their entrance at an early age and their thorough training while young.

It goes equally without saying that if children are barred from our stage we shall lose many a noble play. The merest random list would include such dramas as "The Blue Bird," "Peter Pan," "A Doll's House," "Pelleas and Melisande," "The Devil's Disciple," "As a Man Thinks," "The Piper," Moody's "Faith Healer," not to mention Shakespeare's "Richard III," and excellent popular plays like "The Poor Little Rich Girl," "The Good Little Devil," and "The Prince Chap."

Perhaps the greatest dramatic evil in the exclusion of children is never thought of—the effect upon dramatic composition, upon the playwrights themselves, of the lack of proper facilities for the development of child actors. No man sitting down to write a play dares treat childhood as he might wish. He knows how few really competent boy and girl actors are available and how highly those few are paid. He knows how little inducement there is for the manager to work with children. As a result, there are almost no plays of domestic life that do not shirk the great problem of children in the statement of the relations of husband and wife and the outside world. How much our drama has been already hampered it is hard to estimate correctly. The damage of further prohibition is almost incalculable.

To secure the appearance of children in good plays and under good conditions, while preventing their appearance in those which are evil, stunting or debasing, Judge Lindsey advocates a law which in many of its essentials is already working well in Colorado and Louisiana. The conditions proposed cover everything essential to the child's well-being. The Judge of the Juvenile Court issues a permit for each child's appearance, under a bond of \$2,000 to \$5,000 given for the manager by a reliable surety company. The bond is forfeitable if the conditions are violated in any other State, as well as Colorado, and it is forfeitable without other litigation than a brief hearing before the court granting the permit.

The conditions exact, first of all, a sufficient salary—in Colo-



Strauss-Peyton

DOROTHY MORTIMER

Young actress who has been appearing in stock

rado \$25 a week has been secured. Proper guardianship is provided for. At least one of the parents, or a guardian, must travel with the child, and if the parent is unable to act as tutor, the manager must supply a satisfactory one. The Judge sees that proper health certificates are presented, that the child is given sleeping car accommodations

(Continued on page 195)



White

ELIZABETH MURRAY

Irish comedienne who will play a leading rôle in the new revue, "Watch Your Step"

Literature of the Circus

BOOKS about the circus are comparatively rare. Here in these United States, where the circus has grown to colossal proportions, its literature is strangely scant; while in England, France and Germany, where the circus is still conducted on the smallest possible scale, and where people seem to take far less keen an interest in it than on this side of the Atlantic, there is a special literature of the circus that embraces every form of treatment—historical, romantic, technical and biographical.

The French, for example, who delight in weighty treatises on the small things in life, have evolved copious volumes of inter-

esting discourse about the circus. The exploits of the jongleurs and saltimbanques of the Middle Ages have not been allowed to pass into oblivion, nor have the aerial flights of Léo Tard, the tight-rope triumphs of Blondin, or *les jeux icariens* of "Professor" Risley and his sons, who, by the way, were Americans.

Although I have never sought very assiduously, I have, at odd times, picked up in Paris at least a score of books on the circus, and from my own shelves I need only cite some of the titles to prove France's interest in this subject. There are: "Le Cirque Françon," by Frédéric Hallemacher (Lyon, 1875); "Les Jeux du Cirque et la Vie Foraine," by Hugues Le Roux; "Ecuyeurs et Ecuyères," by Baron de Vaux; "Les Saltimbanques," by George Escudier; "L'Acrobatie and Les Acrobates," by Georges Strehly; "Mémoires de Léo Tard"; "Mémoires des Frères Hanlon (our own Hanlon brothers, and with a preface by no less a poet than Théodore de Banville); and several other works, all of them paying reverent tribute to the traditional and conventional character of the circus.

In England, the glories of Astley's have tempted many pens, and the achievements of Ducrow have been described by Dickens in a facetious way and by lesser writers from a British Museum reading-room point of view. "Circus Life" of Thomas Frost stands forever as a monument of patient research and sympathetic study. There is also the inimitable biography of Wallett, the self-styled "Queen's Jester," who enlivened the magic circle with his quibs and jests. (When Wallett visited this country, however, he was found far inferior in ready wit and resources to the American clown, Dan Rice, whose adventurous life under the white tops should have inspired some biographer.)

Strange indeed that here in America, where the circus has grown and developed into one of the sturdiest plants in the amusement field, we have only the fictitious lives of Phineas Taylor Barnum and his one-time partner, W. C. Coup; the biography of a somewhat obscure rider named Gilroy; a history of the circus in America prior to 1835, by Isaac J. Greenwood, and the "Autobiography of a Clown" (Jules Turnour), as narrated by Isaac F. Marcossou.

The best and truest novel about circus people is, I think, "Les Frères Zemganno," by Edmond de Goncourt. From the preface of this admirable work we learn that the inspiration for the tale came from the Hanlon Brothers, who were appearing in Paris at the Folies-Bergère when M. de Goncourt met them. The whole story centers upon the circus profession and the brothers' love for it and desire to excel in it. The atmosphere of the book is saturated with what Sir Quiller-Couch calls "that esoteric professional interest."

M. de Goncourt, who calls his tale "an essay in poetic realism," admits that he deliberately softened the details of circus life and etherealized the atmosphere of the tanbark and sawdust.

This at once suggests a comparison, or, rather, a contrast, with Charles Dickens' "Hard Times," wherein are detailed the doings of the members of Sleary's circus. Dickens, as we all know, found zest in throwing his net over all out-of-the-way corners of human existence, and he seems to have revelled in depicting the intimate life of the circus performers. What heightens the effect of the story is the juxtaposition of the "artists" with the narrow-minded, self-righteous Philistines of the English middle class, the Bounderbys and the Gradgrinds.

Dickens, like M. de Goncourt, in depicting circus life, brings home one vital truth. He reveals how much and yet how very little divides the performers in the ring from the spectators who surround them. In spite of their queer slang—a language all their own—and their artistic pride in their profession, the "artists" of the circus are as human as the country folk for whose amusement they risk their necks and limbs in riding and tumbling.

TOWNSEND WALSH.

She—Did you enjoy the opera last night, Herr Schwartz?

He—No; I couldn't hear anything.

She—Why not?

He—Two ladies sat in front of me and chatted the whole evening about how much they loved music.—*Tid-Bits.*

WHAT reason is there for the persistence of the idea that an actress is a being of different clay from the rest of womankind? Questions that are put to me every day and comments that I constantly hear show that many persons in this enlightened age still believe that an actress carries with her from the theatre into private life a fictitious personality. They believe that if she is not actually frivolous she at least betrays her innate artificiality in every act. For instance, they think she cannot do so simple a thing as to eat grapefruit without striving for theatrical effect.

For one thing, people probably do not wish to dispel this pet illusion. And it is undoubtedly fostered by the fables of the press agents more than by any other one thing. We read extraordinary things about ourselves. We are accredited with the most bizarre and extravagant tastes, with foibles in dress, jewelry, diet and what-not. Then, of course, we are supposed to bathe in milk or champagne. I have seen startling statements about my diamond necklaces and estates.

Although I do not feel it my mission to attack any of these fancies, specifically or in general, I do not think it would be a bad thing if a campaign of enlightenment were started. Our great trouble is that to most people the stage is just the stage; they do not differentiate between the artist and the chorus girl in the theatre. For there are women of the world who have achieved success and retain as much reserve and dignity as women in other professions. The English actor is part of the social life in England, and the stage there is considered a profession for members of honorable families.

The public, moreover, knows many women of the stage of this type. There are Mary Mannering, Edith Wynne Matthison, Dorothy Donnelly and Grace George. There is Ethel Barrymore, although she may have much mannerism, is perfectly unaffected. There is Maude Adams, who has a strong temperament, though no one would accuse her of artificiality.

"Why are so many actresses divorced?" is another question that people are always asking. It, too, irritates me. I wonder how many women would be divorced if they could earn their own living. A question that I would like to ask is whether the proportion of actresses divorced really is so very large? I should like to see comparative lists prepared of divorces of persons on and off the stage. I think it would show that the proportion of them on the stage would be very small.

The old-time impression that a woman who adopts a stage career imperils her moral welfare is probably pretty well outgrown. The woman who goes on the stage is concerned with her ideals of art. Also, she has a great deal of hard work to do. The same pitfalls and snares that surround women are found everywhere. They are not confined to the theatre. I have found that there is more immorality in business houses with which I deal than in all the playhouses of this country. Remember, there is not the white light focussed on women elsewhere that there is on the stage.

Of course, a girl who goes on the stage is not protected by home influences. Her career, you see, depends entirely upon the kind of head she has on her shoulders. I have been on the stage all my life—ever since I was seven years old. I have never left it except for illness, and I have always found there the best pro-

The Woman of the Stage

By ANNIE RUSSELL

and understanding and knowledge of human nature. Amateurs should be scrupulously differentiated from real players. I was

tectors and advisers. All through my life the best men and women I have known I have met on the stage. They have had the most sympathy

much amused at an amateur performance that I attended recently. The women came from the stage into the audience with all their paint on, taking actual delight in it. Then they went outside and waited on the sidewalk for carriages in broad daylight. A crowd collected and they were simply making a show of themselves. The immodesty of it was surprising. I was waiting for my husband who was in the play, and while I waited a few professional actresses who were there came out without a particle of makeup on their faces. In a perfectly unobtrusive and business-like manner they left the theatre and went their ways. It was so different from the amateurs.

When the professional actresses come out of a play into daylight they ask each other if there is any trace of their makeup left. There is not a single actress of my acquaintance, as a matter of fact, who puts paint on her face in the daytime. There is not an actress I know who doesn't dress quietly and in a perfectly ladylike way. And yet I meet hundreds of people who say to me, "Oh, Miss Russell, you don't seem a bit like an actress." Then I wonder what kind of actresses they know.

Of course, there are a great number of women loud in their manner and in their dress who are connected in some way with the stage. They, however, are not the thousands of honest, hardworking women who are really actresses, who really have the right to be called actresses. In all my companies, whenever there has been a person who didn't behave well that person was sim-

ply snubbed by the rest of the company. And the chances are that such a person will be sent away. If it is some silly girl who is acting foolishly she is usually protected and advised by some of the women in the company.

Of all the extraordinary stories that are told about actors' boarding houses I never saw anything that could serve as a foundation for them. Moreover, there was a time when I lived in actors' boarding houses. This was not on account of lack of knowledge of the alleged conditions. Sometimes, though, when I tell people this they seem to think I must have been an exception. I was not.

It is an unfortunate thing that cheap, vulgar persons of the stage are exploited and exploit themselves so rashly. The real, serious workers avoid publicity about their own affairs. The stage is too accessible to mere personality. If a woman is beautiful and winning she can be exploited on the stage for just these attractions. It is not quite fair for the public to patronize the indecent, immoral things of the theatre and then blame the stage for it. The stage is absolutely what the public makes it. If there wasn't an audience for the good things there wouldn't be any good things. But we go to the theatre with a preconceived idea of the theatre. Even the man who understands things, who studies music, perhaps goes to the theatre in a rapid frame of mind, and for two hours becomes simply that pitiful creature—the "tired business man."

In lecturing at women's clubs I have spread some enlightenment, I believe, as to stage life. My audiences have learned with some surprise of the hard work

(Continued on page 86)



White
ANNIE RUSSELL
As Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing"

ANDRÉ ANTOINE has resigned the

André Antoine, and the Théâtre Libre

directorship of the Odéon, which position he has occupied since 1906. He has done so voluntarily, after having struggled, as long as he could, against the ill-luck which pursued him. The news of his resignation took Paris by surprise. André Antoine is esteemed and loved by all who know him and who understand what a fine artistic ideal he has battled all his life to defend. And no one forgets that he was the founder of the Théâtre Libre which, more than a quarter of a century ago—March 30, 1887—gave its first performance at the small theatre of the Elysée-des-Beaux-Arts, in the heart of Montmartre. André Antoine, then a young and still unknown actor, no doubt little dreamt during the rehearsals of the three plays which composed his first bill, that he was going to impose upon the French public a new dramatic formula—realism opposed to convention and artificiality—a formula which would soon revolutionize the French stage.

Nothing in Antoine's early youth seemed to direct him toward the dramatic art. He was born at Limoges, in 1858, of bourgeois parents who settled in Paris when he was eight years old. As they were poor, the little André was soon obliged to leave the Ecole Turgot, where he had obtained a scholarship, and to earn his living. Soon after, came war with Germany and as he was too young to enlist. André, after considerable difficulty, obtained work in an office, where he remained until 1872, when he found a position in the Librairie Hachette then, as now, one of the most important of French publishing firms. He left that position in 1877 to become clerk in the employ of the Paris Gas Company, where he remained until called to the army, which he served in Africa, taking part in the Tunisian campaign.

This clerking and soldiering does not, at first sight, appear as being the most desirable process for the development of a future actor and theatre manager. Yet it is possible that the very diversity of his occupations before he devoted himself exclusively to his art, all contributed to give Antoine a wider scope, and a more just appreciation of nature and of the true character of persons and things. He had seen real, true life, under its most varied aspects, and when called to represent it on the stage, he was not handicapped by ignorance or fear of truth in all its forms.

Though apparently condemned by the force of circumstances, to the most commonplace of lives, that of an obscure clerk in a public service company, Antoine always had literary and dramatic aspirations. At the age of sixteen he used to relieve the monotony of his life by taking elocution lessons in an academy rather bombastically styled "Le Gymnase de la Parole." He met there a young man, named Wisteaux, of his own age. They soon became fast friends, and their common passion for the stage served as a still greater link between them.

M. Adolphe Thalasso, in the very interesting volume he published some years ago on the Théâtre Libre, says that often the two boys preferred to deprive themselves of food in order to go to theatre—in the *poulailler* as the gallery seats are derisively termed in Parisian slang. Antoine and Wisteaux both studied hard at their theatrical work: they devoted all their leisure hours to reading the most celebrated plays, and to studying the different

themselves at the Conservatoire. Antoine was refused but not discouraged by this failure; he only worked the harder. He played the rôle of David Sichel of "l'Ami Fritz" on the diminutive stage of the Gymnase de la Parole, and was welcomed warmly by the habitués. Encouraged by applause, Antoine applied for admittance at the Cercle Gaulois, a small society of semi-private theatricals which gave performances at the Elysée-des-Beaux-Arts, on a stage about as large as a pocket handkerchief. He was admitted, but was no sooner there than he became discontented and discouraged. And the cause of his discouragement was none other than the impoverished condition of the French stage.



ANDRÉ ANTOINE
Founder of the famous Théâtre Libre of Paris

For nearly three-quarters of a century, the drama in France had been completely dominated by Scribe and his disciples. That is to say, fiction, convention and artificiality had replaced truth, nature and reality. When Antoine made his début at the Cercle Gaulois a reaction had already set in. Several authors were striving to throw off the yoke which the enthusiasm of a foolish public had imposed on the French stage. They declared that dramatic art was not a mere amusement, but that it should be, as much as possible, the exact expression of life and truth. Balzac, Emile Zola, Alphonse Daudet, Henri Becque, devoted all their efforts toward liberating the French stage from the established conventions. And their task was to be carried on and perfected by André Antoine.

No sooner was he admitted to the Cercle Gaulois, than Antoine began to chafe and fret under the club rules, which decreed that no new work should be represented on the stage of the Elysée-des-Beaux-Arts. This foolish restriction caused Antoine great irritation, the more so as he saw that French dramatic art was being literally stifled by the narrow conventionalism of Scribe and his emulators. He was indignant at the artificiality and paucity of ideas which dominated all the works given at that period of the French stage. He decided that the Cercle Gaulois should, even against its will, perform the works of authors who would strive to express, as exactly as possible, actual life. Under his energetic guidance and in spite of the vehement protestations of the director Krauss, convinced of the excellence of the old ideas, the club thus became the cradle of what later was known as Le Théâtre Libre!

The great difficulty was to find plays freed from convention, freed from all the hinderances of the prevailing conceptions of dramatic art! Luck favored Antoine. One evening a young man, a stranger, entered Antoine's dressing room to congratulate him on his acting. His name was André Byl. Immediately he was so sympathetic to Antoine, that the actor confided to him his ideas on dramatic art, his hopes, his plans, his desire of delivering the stage from the mire in which it was wallowing. Byl approved these ideas, and offered to realize them. He had a little play all ready, entitled "Le Préfet." Antoine impulsively rushed into the study of Krauss, the director of the Elysée-des-Beaux-Arts and introduced Byl. Krauss, he said, must accept this play and present a work that was unknown. He would be working for the greater glory of French art. Krauss, however,

parts. Finally they conceived the idea of presenting



Photo Strauss Peyton

Mlle. DAZIE

This popular dancer has been appearing in vaudeville in J. M. Barrie's "Pantaloon"

refused to be convinced; Antoine was stubborn and declared that if the Cercle Gaulois would not help him to defend his ideas, he would make them triumph all by himself! And he kept his promise.

Antoine did not allow himself to be discouraged by this first rebuff. His friendship with Byl grew, and he soon became acquainted with several authors—Paul Alexis, Jean Vidal, Léon Hennique, who all eagerly responded to his appeal for real and true art. Soon the first bill was made up. It was composed of several short plays: "Mademoiselle Pomme," by Paul Alexis; "La Cocarde," by Jean Vidal, and a play taken by Léon Hennique from Zola's "Jacques Damour." Antoine grouped around him some devoted fellow-actors, and the rehearsals usually took place in a small public house! Everything was ready, but two things still remained to be found: the title of the new theatre, and a stage. The title was found by one of the actresses of the new company, Mlle. Barny, who suggested

"Le Théâtre Libre," which was immediately adopted: These three words, resonant as they were of gaiety and freedom, were soon to sound the awakening of French dramatic genius, now lazily sleeping on the laurels it had won in bygone centuries.

As for the stage, on which the first spectacle of the Théâtre Libre should be given, Antoine had long since decided that, in spite of its ill-will, the stubborn Cercle Gaulois should be the cradle of the renaissance of French dramatic art. He therefore rented the Elysée-des-Beaux-Arts at considerable personal sacrifice, and the date of the first representation was fixed for the 30th of March, 1887.

But, as luck would have it, on that very night another important stage of the capital was giving the rehearsal of a play about which the public curiosity was greatly excited. All the critics had been invited, so that the only critics present at the memorable first night of the Théâtre Libre, were Henri Fouquier, Maurice Drack and Lapommeray.

The evening began badly and failure seemed certain. The two first plays, "Mademoiselle Pomme" and "Le Préfet" were welcomed icily. Happily, there was a third comedy, "Jacques Damour." Its success was prodigious and really decided the destiny of the new Théâtre Libre. The next day the newspapers were loud in their praise of the daring experiment made by Antoine. He soon found himself the centre of a circle of friends and admirers and hastened to arrange the programme of his second bill—Emile Bergerat sent him the delightful "Nuit Bergamasque," and Oscar Métivier gave him "En Famille." But then, as now, Antoine was in money difficulties. He had spent all he possessed, and found himself in the material impossibility of mounting a new spectacle. However, his authors insisted so much, and his friends pleaded so eloquently, that he consented to fix the 30th of May, 1887, as the date of his second bill. The rehearsals took place in an unfurnished flat, which a member of the troupe obtained free of rent, and although pursued by creditors Antoine succeeded after a desperate effort in gathering together sufficient money to meet his expenses.

The Théâtre Libre gave its second spectacle before a full house, in which were gathered the most celebrated Paris critics, and many celebrities of the theatrical, political, and literary

worlds. The success obtained by "En Famille" and "La Nuit Bergamasque" was remarkable. Henceforth Antoine decided to consecrate himself exclusively to his theatrical work and sent in his resignation to the Gas Company, throwing himself into the

new task he had undertaken with a zeal which a real taste for it alone could explain. He spent his summer reading manuscripts, and by autumn had prepared a new bill consisting of "Sœur Philomène," which Byl and Jules Vidal had drawn from the work of the de Goncourt Brothers; and "L'Evasion," one act in prose, by Villiers de L'Isle Adam. Although some of the critics, still unaccustomed to the rather excessive realism of the new school praised with reservations, on the whole the director, authors, and actors received the greatest encouragement.

Antoine then resolved to give a series of seven spectacles, of which only the first was staged at the Elysée-des-Beaux-Arts, for the manager of the Cercle Gaulois, in view of the affluence of the public who came to applaud Antoine,

and the manifestations which occasionally took place, became seriously alarmed for the safety of his theatre, and refused to continue to lease the house to Antoine. After many researches, the young director found a small stage, the Théâtre Montparnasse, in the Latin Quarter, where he presented the rest of the plays scheduled for production that season.

It would be tedious to analyze here all the works brought out by Antoine during the first years of the Théâtre Libre: Slowly he rallied to his views most of the leading authors of the day. Lucien Hennique, Henri Lavedan, who made his début there as dramatic author, with "Les Quarts d'Heure," Lucien Descaves, Emile Zola, Catulle Mendès, all offered their valuable collaboration to Antoine, who had already organized a company of excellent actors.

In 1888 Antoine leased the Théâtre des Menus-Plaisirs, as the Théâtre Montparnasse was no longer sufficiently large to hold his ever-increasing audiences, and it was beginning with this period that the Théâtre Libre attained its apotheosis. Among the dramatists who afterward became famous and whose first plays were seen at the Théâtre Libre were François de Curel, who gave them "L'Épervier d'une Sainte" and "Les Fossiles"; Georges Courteline, author of "Boubouroche"; Eugène Brieux, who made his maiden effort with "Un Ménage d'Artistes" and "Blanchette"; Oscar Méténier, Georges Salandri, Léon Hennique, George Ancey, Lucien Descaves, author of "Les Chapons," Emile Fabre, Albert Guinon and Georges de Porto Riche, whose exquisite comedy, "La Chance de Françoise," was there acclaimed for the first time.

Years of prosperity and success followed until, at last, Antoine had enough. Tired out, anxious for a change of scene, he left the management to others and departed from France, carrying his flag of revolt and liberty through all the countries of Europe, abandoning the directorship of the Paris Théâtre Libre because he perhaps realized that the first part of his task was fast drawing to an end. On his return from abroad he signed an engagement at the Renaissance, where he played in "l'Âge Difficile," by Jules Lemaitre.

Deprived of its director the Théâtre Libre soon began to lose ground. Its task was done, and in

(Continued on page 86)

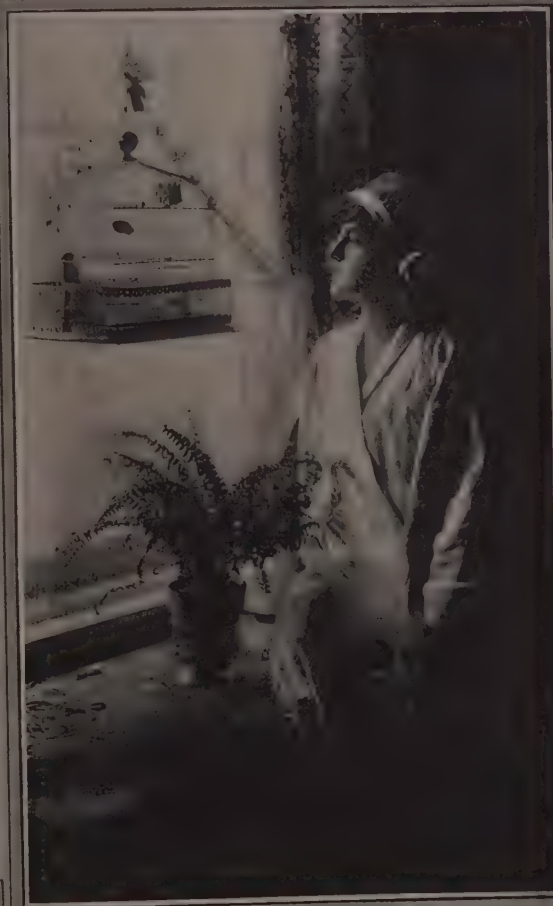


Photo Otto Sarony

LILY CAHILL

Leading woman in "Under Cover," at the Cort Theatre

PROMINENT PLAYERS IN THEIR HOMES





Statue of Beethoven, presented to the Cushman Club by Miss Cushman's niece



One of the lounging rooms at the Charlotte Cushman Club, Philadelphia. Resting after a long rehearsal

ACTRESSES are clubable for four reasons, each of which is amply sufficient

for the existence of social organizations of their making.

First, the actress is of a nature gregarious. She enjoys the society of her kind and of other kinds. I can count women players of my acquaintance possibly by the hundreds, without doubt by scores, and of all these I have found but one solitary. In this respect she is the bat of her species. Second, the homing instinct is strong in the actress breast. Nostalgia is the common ailment among players. Their club means to them home, and they love it as they would love the home their nomadic existence in great measure denies them. Third, the player is a born and cultivated entertainer. Her instinct to entertain and to be entertained is tactive and constant. Her club is the channel by which she unprofessionally and unofficially entertains and is entertained. Fourth, the actress is intensely human, and an expression of lively humanity is the disposition to be clubable.

Ellen Terry spoke with the authority of inward and outward experience when she said that actresses are the most natural of persons. And so are they, if they are worthy the title, natural in the expression of their thoughts and emotions as children playing in the sunshine. One expression of a strong humanity and childlike naturalness is a social club.

The effect of these causes is the existence in America of five strong organizations comprised under the general term, actresses' clubs. As to age precedence: Priority by right of years belongs to the Professional Woman's League. It is twenty-two years old. It grew from a group of five women to a community of two hundred and fifty players and their

Actresses' Clubs in America

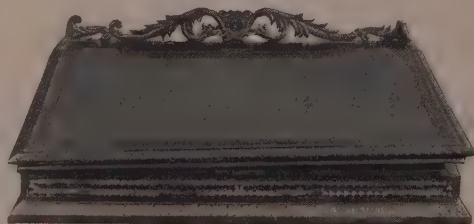
friends of allied interests. Beginnings of movements are always interesting, and to this the

inception of the Professional Woman's League offers no exception. Mrs. A. M. Palmer, the wife of the prominent manager, then a prince in the realm of the theatre, conceived the idea that

the established actress should exercise toward the beginner or the unsuccessful one the spirit of the elder and helpful sister. She asked four actresses to call at her home to discuss the project. Enthusiasm quickly begot the club, which soon enjoyed prestige growing out of that enthusiasm, coupled with the interest and membership of many of the most popular actresses of that time.

The League waxed in membership and popularity by reason of an annual bazaar, to which the radiance blinded public poured in crowds, willing to spend money without stint for the privilege of seeing brilliant and beautiful actresses off the stage and in proper person face to face in the crowd check by jowl. No man who possessed a heart that had not shrunk and ossified to a pebble could resist purchasing a five-dollar chance at the ownership of a smirking German doll, if so requested by an actress whose stage troubles had caused him to wipe away furtive tears. And to be served tea by a graceful,

beringed hand, that had been a hundred times pictured by newspapers and magazines, gave a thrill to the woman who was willing that change for a dollar be kept, that she might tell her neighbors that she had really been waited upon with charming informality by the star of the season's greatest success. There were monthly socials and card parties and occasional suppers, and every year the growing Professional Woman's League celebrated its birthday by a large re-



Charlotte Cushman's desk—a treasured relic at the Charlotte Cushman Club



Jones, Phila.

Charlotte Cushman Club—corner of the reception room



Byron

Reception at the Twelfth Night Club, New York



Byron

Tea at the Professional Woman's League, New York

ception, which the curious public was cordially invited to attend.

It acquired a professional wardrobe from which actresses un- blessed with a full purse might rent or borrow on promises of payment "from my first week's salary" needed costumes for the production for which they had been engaged, but on the stipulation that they "furnish their own costumes."

The League took a house and tried the experiment of keeping rooms for members. Of this they wearied, for the exigencies of a crowded city made the scheme impracticable. The League is now housed in cheerful rooms at 1999 Broadway.

Mrs. A. M. Palmer was the League's President for nine years. Her successors have been Mrs. Edwin Knowles, wife of a manager; Mrs. Edwin Arden, wife of the well-known actor; Mrs. Susanne Westford, sister of Lillian Russell, Amelia Bingham, and the present incumbent is Miss Maida Craigen, a well-known actress.

Nearly simultaneously was born the Twelfth Night Club. "Let's show them that the girls of the stage are as nice as any others," said ebullient Alice Fischer.

"How shall we show them?" asked a feeble sister.

"By meeting them on common social ground and behaving as well as they do, in fact, better," returned the unquenchable spirited Alice Fischer.

The indeterminate pronoun referred to the public, that fraction of it which then looked with questioning eyes on the actress as a social factor, whatever her magnitude as an entertainer of the public.

The idea got about with the speed and warmth of a spark in prairie grass, and presently, indeed very soon, the club came

into being. Assisted by Vida Croly, the actress daughter of Jennie June Croly, the first American club woman, Miss Fischer enrolled many leading actresses, so many that it was regretted when the membership list was declared closed at fifty. Subsequently the number was increased to one hundred. It came to be considered the smart thing to belong to the new club, especially when it was learned that walls had been reared and "Exclusive" had been written on the front gate. The only hesitation shown at any period of the club's life was in the choice of its name. Because its rooms included a gymnasium which was well patronized by the members, it was suggested that its title be "The Fencing and Dancing Club," but the nature of the organization being remembered, the club was called "Twelfth Night."



Quiet corner on the Gamut Club Roof, New York

A distinctive feature of Twelfth Night is its embarrassing custom of inviting as its guest of honor to its monthly reception some male star who had brought the honor upon his head by

distinguishing himself that season in one of the Broadway productions. It was an honor no mere man, be he ever so brave, had the temerity to decline. The spectacle of the lone victim presenting himself before the club and several hundred of its women friends is usually an edifying example of stage fright. For, as one of the guests of honor afterwards perspiringly explained, "There are no footlights between us, and I swear, old fellow, with three or four hundred



Byron

Cafeteria of the Rehearsal Club, New York



women, all well dressed, all handsome and fascinating, swarming about him, a fellow

felt as though he had stumbled into the Sultan's harem, with the Sultan locking on."

Occasionally, if the male stellar supply runs short, women illuminators are invited to receive the honors. A graceful and gracious act was to bid the residents of the Actors' Fund Home on Staten Island attend a reception, an invitation to which four of the silver-haired players of another generation responded in person. The homage paid by the young actresses to the old, the vivid prosperous present making obeisance to the faded penniless past, was an exquisite exhibition of tact and of tender sensibilities.

The crowning event of the Twelfth Night Year is the January revel. Cards surmounted by the club's emblem, a green maple leaf, bid you celebrate with the members of the club. It is Twelfth Nights' one large public function of the year. Many prominent in metropolitan life regard the midwinter holidays as incomplete without attendance at the Twelfth Night revel, and an invitation is something to be desired and preserved among souvenirs and in memory. Amusing skits, generally bearing upon the theatrical events of the past and sprinkled with a plenitude of celebrated names involved in those events, provoke the audience to mirth. The presidents of the club have been successively: Alice Fischer, Effie Shannon, Selena Fetter, since Mrs. Edward Milton Royle; Sidney Armstrong, now Mrs. Wm. G. Smyth; again Alice Fischer, Agnes Keene Arden, daughter of Thomas Keene, the tragedian; Mrs. Thomas Miller, and again Mrs. Arden. While the Twelfth Night is essentially a social organization, it steps graciously outside its merrymaking province now and then to perform some act of gentle and needed kindness, as in the instance of its saving Clara Morris' home from foreclosure. The Twelfth Night afterwards made Miss Morris an honorary life member of the club. These gracious acts in part grew out of President Arden's recollections of being a child member of the once great actress' company.

The Charlotte Cushman Club is entering its eighth year. Situated in Philadelphia, it hopes to be merely the first link in a chain of clubs of kindred purpose, stretching across the continent. It was Miss Mary Shaw who evolved the plan that has borne fruit in the club bearing the name of the revered tragedienne.

"There should be a pleasant home in all the large cities on the road where young actresses might live and avoid the hotel expenses and gain the atmosphere of home," she asserted.

The thought seed fell upon rich ground. Her friend, Mrs. Mortimer Brown, of Philadelphia, espoused the cause of the young actress who wanted to live in a place as nearly like home as possible. She poured money as well as abiding interest into the plan. She secured the co-operation of famous actors and



White

ELEANOR BRENT

In the title rôle of the morality play, "Everywoman"

managers. Some of the actresses furnished and endowed rooms.

Among the active helpers were Miss Shaw, Mrs. Fiske, Miss Viola Allen, Miss Julia Marlowe, Miss Annie Russell, Miss Lillian Russell, Miss Blanche Bates, Miss Alice Fischer and Fritz Scheff. On the Advisory Board appear the names of David Belasco, Daniel Frohman, Harrison Grey Fiske, Otis Skinner, John Drew, and Francis Wilson. Of the Executive Board, Mrs. Otis Skinner is the president. "Not in any sense," we are assured, "is the club an institution." It is ruleless, save for such conventions as obtain among gentlewomen. While the club at the southwest corner of Locust and Twelfth Streets, in Philadelphia, is large enough for only seventeen guests, the membership is unlimited. There is a House Secretary, who is housekeeper and trained nurse and hostess to callers, giving information by voice or letter. When the last of the rooms, some of them, by the way, bearing the name of

the donators of their furnishings, all of which bear the names of prominent actresses, among them Mary Anderson, Fanny Davenport and Mrs. Louise Drew, are filled, those unable to secure lodgings may take their meals at the club, receive their friends and utilize all the conveniences, even to the gas-burners in the pantry, where they may brew their tea of an afternoon, or the sewing room for those who want to mend or even to make their gowns. Occasionally there are Friday afternoon teas, which famous players who chance to be visiting the city honor with their presence. There is always a supper to be found there by the hungry members after the theatre.

Of a purpose that resembles the Charlotte Cushman is the Rehearsal Club, at No. 220 West Forty-sixth Street, in New York. A buffet luncheon, cheap, simple and appetizing, a rest room, over whose door the word "Silence" emphasizes its reason for being, a large bathroom, are attractions offered by the Rehearsal Club, which had as its founder Mrs. Willard Straight (Dorothy Whitney). A place to lunch, to rest and even to refresh herself between rehearsals, avoiding the garishness and expense of the great hotels on Broadway, is the aim of the club, which is less than two years old, and may, as it waxes stronger, grow into a home like the Cushman, a sister home. The club is manned, or, better, sweetly womaned, by Miss Jane Hall, deaconess. As an adjunct it has a school for stage children, the only one in this country. There I have seen Juliet Shelby and other starry-eyed stage babes working at their "sums" or struggling with the Fourth Reader.

Last named, because of its youth, but than which there is no sturdier organization of actresses, is the Gamut Club. The human nucleus of the club which, while still in its cradle, numbers along two hundred and fifty, is Miss Mary Shaw. Of eminent dramatic ability and

(Continued on page 87)

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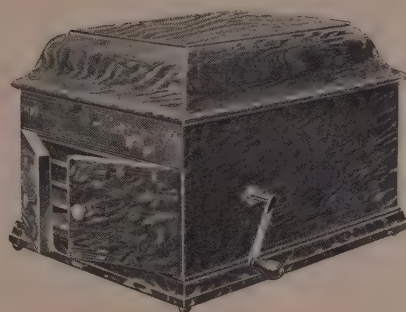
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Woman of the Stage

(Continued from page 177)

players do. I have alloyed this information in telling them of my association with George Bernard Shaw, of whom I saw a great deal when his play, "Major Barbara," was being rehearsed in England. It has not been presented in this country because it was deemed that the last act was too closely reasoned for an American audience. The feeling prevailed that it would have to be changed a great deal and written over for this side of the Atlantic.

In "Major Barbara" Shaw conveys deep philosophical thought, but the play is not lacking in action.

There was a great disappointment for me in "Major Barbara." The great point in the play appeals to a deep religious feeling. We felt very sure that it would have a profound effect. Yet when the point was reached it seemed beyond the grasp of the audience. Our patient toil went for nothing. Every author knows the difficulty of finding the right end, but only the actor knows the difficulty of finding exactly the right inflection. All that Shaw had sacrificed months of his life to achieve has miscarried, and I who had failed to hold the attention of the audience and to convey part of the message gave way to utter disappointment and tears.

The next morning he sent me a note that illustrated his generosity and kindly humanity. He said:

"My dear Miss Russell: I am glad to see that the half dozen papers I have read this morning are no more disappointed with you than I am. All the same, there is something wanting, and that is a few nights sound sleep and perhaps a day at the seaside. You will be twice as bright next week and the week after. You have already shown me more about the part than I could have possibly shown you. Do just what you want to do without stopping to think of the author. He will get more than his fair share of the credit anyhow."

Yours truly,

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

For Mr. Shaw, you see, who understands how it is very apt to be "all work and no play" for the woman of the stage.

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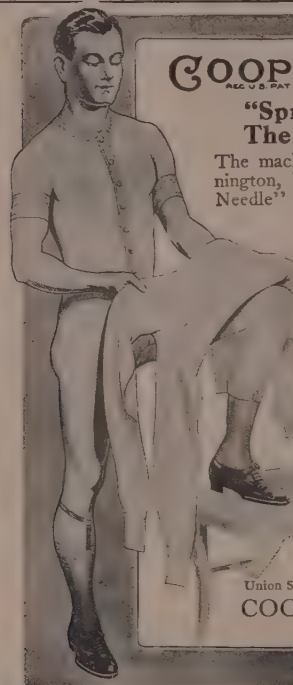
The Theatre Libre

(Continued from page 180)

1896 it disappeared. But not for long. In 1897, Antoine, who during this time had been named co-director of the Odéon, with Paul Ginisty, soon resigned, and bought back the house of the Boulevard de Strasbourg, which he called the Théâtre Antoine. And on this stage on which had been waged so many literary battles, he continued to perpetuate the free traditions of the Théâtre Libre, tempering a little, as he advanced in age, his excessive love of realism. Tempted by the offer of a more exalted position, and by the idea that at the National Théâtre de l'Odéon where many reforms were absolutely indispensable, he would have a wider scope for his energy, he abandoned a second time, in 1906, the theatre he had created.

The Odéon has not repaid him for the sacrifice he thus made. He has vainly rejuvenated the antique Latin Quarter playhouse—he has vainly tried to attract a lukewarm public by the temptation of rare artistic spectacles—of magnificent staging—he has vainly also rendered real service to literature by producing the works of young unknown authors, who are now ranked amongst the most talented of French dramatists. Fatality obstinately pursued him; and at last realizing how desperate was his situation, he has been forced to send in his resignation.

MARC LOGÉ.



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Actresses' Clubs in America

(Continued from page 184)

attainment of equal oratorical ability, of large humanity and a profound belief in and interest in half-developed possibilities of womankind, Miss Shaw was the magnet who drew about her the brilliant personnel of the club. She herself would disclaim this, confronting one with the charter which avows its purpose to be the practical one of building a club house. That the club will doubtless, and shortly, do. For that purpose it has inaugurated a series of small frolics which will eventuate in a spring tour. The fact that Lillian Russell, Frances Starr, Billie Burke, Hazel Dawn, Louise Dresser, Emma Dunn, Zella Sears, Mollie McIntyre, Emily Wakeman, Maude Odell, Adelaide Prince, Anna Boyd, Stella Hammerstein and others whose names are synonyms for fame are members, is a guarantee of a novel and irresistible combination of talent that, it has been predicted, will eclipse the radiance and substantial results of the Lambs' annual gambol.

"The busy women of this city need a meeting place, a half way house for rest and rendezvous." Thus succinctly the president states its purposes.

The club has not been without agreeable social functions. At one of these, a banquet, the male guests were introduced in the reflected splendor of their spouse's names, Admiral Marix as "Grace Filkins's husband," Alex Moore as "The spouse of Lillian Russell," Thomas Carrigan as the life partner of Mabel Taliaferro. There was a masquerade ball, a tea at which Billie Burke was the guest and a housewarming at the new quarters after the burning of its initial home, at which Frances Starr was the guest of honor.

The Gamut Club is housed in artistic and homelike rooms including a charming, diminutive roof garden, at 69 West Forty-sixth Street.

Actresses' Clubs differ from the non-professional organizations in a greater dynamic quality and in delightful spontaneity. In them fame and talent are transmuted into such girlish good times as recall school frolics. For no class knows so well how to play when the playtime that is not worktime arrives.

Being asked the purpose of the Gamut, of which she is a large stockholder—the club being incorporated according to the business procedure of most men's clubs—Lillian Russell called across the heads of the chatting women between them to Miss Shaw:

"It's being good fellows, isn't it, Mary?"

To which Miss Shaw assented as do all who visit the Gamut to write a letter, to meet a friend, to have a cup of tea and a chat with a congenial spirit, to scrape wits with a new acquaintance, or for the material comforts of luncheon, tea or dinner.

"At last," said a member, "we have a home."

Which perhaps sums The Gamut.

ADA PATTERSON.

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New Victor Records

A French Song by Caruso—Sérénade Espagnole (*Spanish Serenade*), Teschemacher-Ronald.

Before Mr. Caruso sailed for his London season he made for the Victor a record of one of Ronald's newest songs—a charming setting of some effective verses by Edwin Teschemacher, who has written so many lyrics for the Hardelot and other songs.

The Great Oberon Aid by Gadske—Oberon, *Ocean! Du Ungeheuer!* Weber.

"Oberon," Weber's last work, was written in England, and produced in that country shortly before the composer's death. The present air belongs to the scene wherein the lovers are shipwrecked, the opening recitative describing the terrors of the sea. The series of recitatives are here all worked up to a climax in the center of the scene, when a sail is seen, this leading to triumphant conclusion.

A Traviata Air by Hempel—Traviata, *Ah, fors' è lui*, Verdi.

The music allotted by Verdi to the part of Violetta is of the utmost difficulty. Only such a singer as Hempel can fully attain the composer's ideal in the presentation of these intricate ornamental airs.

Haydn's Great Austrian Hymn by Kreisler—Austrian Hymn, Haydn.

This great national hymn, "God Preserve the Emperor," was composed by Hadyn, January, 1797, at the request of Count von Sanrau, Imperial High Chancellor and Minister of the Interior. It was first sung on the Emperor's birthday, February 12, 1797.

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tried by the government-owned systems and have so restricted the use of the telephone that it is of small value.

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Only Municipal Theatre

(Continued from page 170)

instrument which we Americans have, moreover, handed over to rather our lowest element of business men to manage for their private profit. As an enterprise of co-operation alone, the Northampton experiment is, then, rather enlightening. Pulling together is an excellent habit in any community—whether applied to politics, or education, or play. "Do it for Northampton" is the motto which Mr. Davis, Chairman of the Citizens Committee, adopted when he threw himself into the work of rehabilitating the playhouse and making its offerings both more worthy of support and likelier to receive it. The motto is a good one, and though it may surprise one to think of the support of the playhouse as a duty—like the maintenance of schools, and the road tax, and the pew rent—the idea rather grows on one. Why should we, indeed, surrender our amusements to the gross-minded purveyors of damaged goods? Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson has recently written in the *Century Magazine*:

"I look forward to the time, as did Sir Henry Irving, when every large city, both in England and America, will have its own municipal theatre, supported by its inhabitants and encouraged by the enthusiasm of the devotees of all that is best in the art of the drama. . . . A significant and encouraging instance of this is already evident in Northampton, Massachusetts, and I sincerely hope it will prove an eminently successful one."

And, "We can't have a national theatre in this country," says Miss Bonstelle, "without the inspiration of success in municipal theatres."

So you see the case of the Northampton Players has its national significance, after all.

WARREN BARTON BLAKE.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER

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Tumbling Into Fame

(Continued from page 172)

back home in Canada and the stage would know me no more. By this time I had got far enough for the larger stock companies of the East to be open to me, but I knew that would not get me far on the road to new Broadway productions.

"I had sickened of the visits to managers. When you appear, their first question generally is, 'Are you an actress?' and then, 'What do you do?' That first question got me into such a frame of complete exasperation that finally I made up my mind the next manager who asked it would get a piece of that mind, engagement or no engagement. Sure enough, it came one day. 'No,' I roared in my loudest voice, 'I am here to call for your laundry,' and I swept out of the office with my most regal air. Another told me I was too refined to play a cook.

The Delamater office was organizing a company, and it happened that the stage director was an old 'rep' man himself and thoroughly believed in that training. When I told him what I had done he engaged me on the spot. This engagement was not, of course, a New York one, but it was very important, because on the strength of the work I did there Mr. Delamater, when the company closed, introduced and recommended me to Edward MacGregor, who was collecting a company for the season of summer before last.

"I had a contract for a guaranteed engagement of twenty-two weeks in Columbus, but I asked to be released from this, because I had heard that they were to give tryouts of new plays with the MacGregor Company, and I was willing to gamble on the chance that I might get a part which would prove a success and by this means find myself at last on Broadway.

"That is just the way it worked. We tried out three plays, and of these Mr. Peple's, which was then called 'The Party of the Second Party,' was the only success. For a while my heart was in my mouth, because it seemed likely that the New York producers would not want the play, but Mr. Peple stuck to Mr. MacGregor and the latter stood by him, and finally Mr. Frazee saw the play and took it.

"It was first put on with a new cast at Hartford. I was the only one from the very good stock production of the play who was then in the cast, and of the cast as it opened for the Hartford production, only Miss Clark and John Merritt, the office boy, now survive.

W. P. D.

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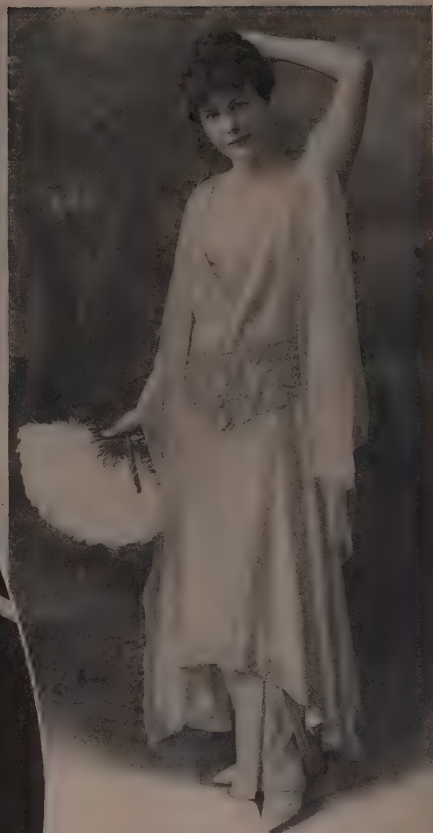
Bassano

Alexandra Carlisle, who is to appear shortly in Charles Klein's new play, "The Money Makers," wearing a charming gown of satin and chiffon combined, handsomely embroidered in beads



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Pauline Frederick's gown of paillette marks the new note for evening wear



White

Lily Cahill affects a straight line gown of softest satin with chiffon sleeves and crystal trimming in "Under Cover"



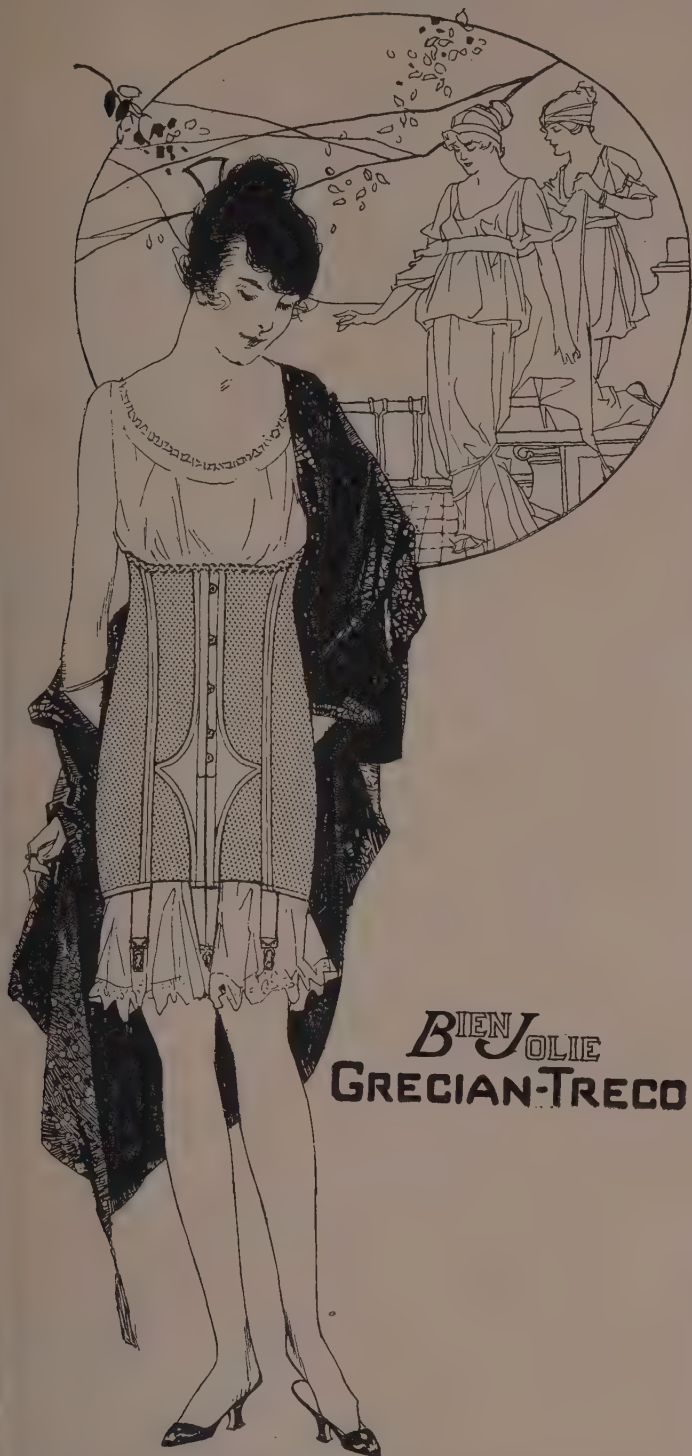
White

Patricia Collinge enhances her charm in a youthful frock in "He Comes Up Smiling"



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"The Girl from Utah"—Julia Sanderson wears a gown of white chiffon trimmed with monkey fur



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(1890)


Smart Fashions on the Stage

Fashions are born on the stage and nowhere else can a whim or a style be launched so successfully. The wisest of all women is she who studies her clothes as well as her play, for attention to the details of a costume mean its success. To be well dressed means more than to wear the designers latest creation, it means to wear the gown best suited to your individuality. This applies to every woman, and distinction in dress will only be realized when a sense of fitness prevails—for your costume emphasizes your style and character in dress—the fashion not of to-day and the style we adopt for to-morrow are the thoughts that are uppermost in the feminine mind—whether coats be long or short—skirts wide or narrow—is vital news and we profit by it. Just now we are in realm of new things, there is so much to choose from we scarcely know where or how to begin. Fabrics are so marvellous in texture and design that they simply beggar description and they are utilized in wonderfully artistic ways. Fine silver and gold tissues are woven in beautiful designs on chiffons and satins that words fail to describe. The softest of materials are shot with metal threads—even the colors are scintillating this season—at least they must be glistening high lights. Gowns of these fabrics are trimmed with metal lame laces and bands of fur and really remind one of Oriental splendor and inspire reflections of the gorgeous East. Jet and Paillette are the most popular of all trimmings for evening wear; they are made in wonderful colors. Tunics and bodices of paillette combined with satin and net or tulle make exquisite gowns and are shown by the leading makers abroad. A dress of this type is worn by Miss Pauline Frederick in "Innocent," and it is truly lovely. There are so many wonderful colors that one can combine with these paillette trimmings that each and every one seems more attractive. All filmy laces and nets are new and many attractive gowns are made from them. A quaint little gown is made of flounces of plaited net that is edged with a very narrow silver thread and has a huge sash of wide silver tinsel cloth. White is, of course, the smartest of all colors, and Julia Sanderson in the "Girl from Utah" wears a fascinating frock of white crêpe chiffon trimmed with bands of black velvet and monkey fur and a single jet ornament on the front of the bodice. It is a very chic dress for simplicity is the keynote of the design. Another glorious gown is made of fine gold lace of a craquèle mesh in a beautiful cobweb design. The skirt is of two founces of the lace and the bodice is draped in soft folds of the lace over a camisole of cloth of gold, a sapphire blue chiffon velvet girdle completes the costume. Faille of the softest texture and very lightest weight is another favored fabric for this season. It comes in wonderful new colors and combines beautifully with all the new laces. There is a taffeta that has the same weave as faille and that is not too stiff or crisp, that is lovely. It has very small rose buds of silver thread for a design and when used with lace that is touched up with silver the effect is very stunning. Satin is in high favor and gowns that are truly exquisite can be found in this material. Miss Lily Cahill in "Under Cover" wears a gown of satin made on the prevailing straight line order that is charming. The long low waist is marked by crystal and pearl band trimming, and the tunic, which is the one that droops on the sides, is finished the same way; long flowing sleeves of chiffon that resemble wings complete the costume. Chiffon velvet will be seen in many new guises for gowns, and wraps are being made of it in hundreds of different ways. The making of this material has reached the art of perfection. It is so thin and chiffon like it can be shirred and fulled to your heart's content. Smart gowns are made of it combined with metal laces. Not only gowns are made of this favorite fabric but coats and wraps in numerous styles. For instance, a white velvet mantle with collar, cuffs and bands of sable is only one of the many styles to be worn. Fur seems to be used on all garments this year—from chiffon to plush, and the effect is quite stunning. Afternoon costumes are more elaborate than ever. Soft velours that are dull in tone and high lustre cloths are running close races for popularity. There are lovely shades known as "tête de nègre," "Russian green," that are bound to be becoming. Black is, of course, the best of all colors and its success is undisputed. Plain and chiffon velvets combined with novelty velvets will be worn to a great extent for the more fancy type of suit. Dresses are shown in a great many styles—the plainer frocks, of course, for street wear. Miss Patricia Collinge wears a youthful dress in "He Comes Up Smiling." It is draped in a soft sash fashion and shows buttons that seem to be on every gown this season. It is a dress that is ideally suited to its wearer and will be worn in many color combinations.

Needless to say that blue serge and navy blue serge, of course, is with us again. There never has been a season without it, and a dress of this kind really is indispensable. A pretty line of costume is shown in a dress worn by Miss Mary Ryan in "On Trial." It has a panel arrangement down the back that is very smart and well suited to the slender type of figure. Blouses are shown in great variety. There are chiffons to match our suits and others to contrast with them. The favorite of the season seems to be satin, made in a simple style with long sleeves set in at the armhole, very little to trim them for the style must be in the cut this year. A stunning model fastens down the middle of the back with tiny ball buttons.

Photo Hill
Mary Ryan wears a smart frock of the newest type in "On Trial"

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THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO.

NEW YORK

THE NEW PLAYS

(Continued from page 159)

"pursuing." She had rejected his attentions. His only hold on her seems to be that when in distress and applying to the agency for employment she had accepted slight financial aid. The action begins its melodramatic course without proper foundation. No opportunities to ruin and so possess the girl seem to be at hand or definitely in mind. They come about too circuitously. The girl falls in love with the rich man's son, and will marry him. The villain will strike at her by ruining him. But there is no chance provided for this until after certain fortuitous and unexpected happenings. We have learned in the first act that the villain has forged drafts which had been paid by the rich man in whose house he is now acting as butler, for no purpose connected with these forgeries, but for a purpose against the girl, having nothing to do with them. The capitalist examines the forgeries discovers that the forger seemed to have the habit of neglecting to dot his i's. The butler, caught at the capitalist's desk, murders the capitalist, and contrives to throw suspicion on the son, who appears as the old man falls to the floor dead. The play was withdrawn.

EMPIRE. "THE PRODIGAL HUSBAND." Comedy in three acts by Dario Niccodemi and Michael Morton. Produced on September 7th.

It is now twenty-two years since John Drew became a star under Charles Frohman's management, and for almost that length of time has he regularly opened the Empire Theatre. It has been a valuable and artistic association. Mr. Drew is an actor of such wide experience that by the sheer force of his genial and gentlemanly charm he has managed to make many a play go that was really unworthy of his powers. Just how good a play "The Prodigal Husband" will turn out to be remains to be seen, for there are lukewarm spots here and there, and while the characterization is good and the dialogue fairly clever, it lacks a something. Drew enacts Michel Giroux, a boulevardier separated from his wife. Enters into his life a child of seven, to whom he becomes a guardian. As she gets into her teens his conduct is misunderstood. Of course, there was nothing wrong and in the final act the child is able to bring Giroux and his wife together again. The whole play has a considerable flavoring of "The Rainbow." Mr. Drew acted with his usual sympathetic grace, while Charles Ravel was enacted with splendid cynical humor by Ferdinand Gottschalk. Sweetly childish was Helen Hayes Brown as the child, Simone, while in the final act Simone, now at the marriageable age, was impersonated with winning sincerity by Jessie Glendinning.

GAIETY. "CORDELIA BLOSSOM." Comedy in four acts by George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester. Produced on August 31st.

If a person has not read a novel or a series of stories, he is in a frank position to determine whether their dramatization makes a play. Well George Randolph Chester, assisted by his wife, Lillian, made a four act pot pourri of the Cordelia Blossom stories and called it by that name. Frankly it was a very sketchy piece of work. It was a poor play and has since been withdrawn from the stage of the Gaiety. Burr McIntosh returned to town in it and gave one of those big human character sketches that he knows so well how to perfect.

PLAYHOUSE. "SYLVIA RUNS AWAY." Comedy in three acts by Robert Housum. Produced on August 18th.

The general scheme of "Sylvia Runs Away" should have provided an entertaining farce. That the play should have failed so promptly and been withdrawn cannot be referred to the triviality of the idea, for the idea was much more substantial than in many successful farces.

SYLVESTER SCHAFFER. The specialties in vaudeville do not often require comment; but here comes an engaging personality, an extraordinary performer, with such astonishing versatility that he arrests attention. Sylvester Schaffer, brought out first at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre and then transferred to the Palace, has excited more than usual interest. He does many things, and with a distinction of his own. If he plays on the violin you discern a master with feeling. As a lightning sketch artist he builds up a picture before you that expresses something and delights you with its colors. If he exhibits trained dogs, the tricks are new and have the air of imparted intelligence. If he gives an exhibition of rifle shooting, you have seen nothing better. If his juggling is not better than the usual it is as good. To pull out yards of ribbon from the mouth of a docile horse is perhaps not extraordinary, but the intelligence of the horse in dancing or cavorting to music is. Schaffer is an artist.

HIPPODROME. "WARS OF THE WORLD." Conceived by Arthur Voegtlin; music by Manuel Klein; dialogue by John P. Wilson. Produced on September 5th.

With the flare of trumpets and the crash of musketry, "Wars of the World" opened New York's biggest show house for the season 1914-15. It seems strange that this year's production, vitally topical as its title is, concerns itself strictly with strife of the past and ignores completely the conflict which is now rocking the world. A scene depicting the assault of Liège or a battle between aeroplanes in midair would have been a comparatively easy achievement for a stage with such resources at its disposal as the Hippodrome. Tableaux of that sort would certainly have provided genuine dramatic thrills. Otherwise, the present spectacle leaves little to be desired. It is certainly big and lavish enough. Never has the Hippodrome spectacle opened more artistically. The sinking curtain discloses a lone figure standing, spot-lit, in the centre of a darkened stage. It announces itself to be history, and, in a brief prologue, promises to present a few pages from the great book of its career. Lawrence Grant acts this rôle exceedingly well. His dignity and his voice, vastly different from the barker variety, lend distinction to the scenes. History waves its hand, and distantly, vaguely, as through the veil of years, the glitter of Roman legionary is seen marching on in conquest. Kaleidoscopically, breathlessly, we are whisked through the centuries as man's struggle against man is depicted in a series of magnificent stage-pictures by a thousand well-drilled players. We find ourselves back in the romantic days of Cœur de Lion when Christendom was threatened by the onward march of the Saracen. A glimpse of the Reign of Terror is had in a charming garden at Versailles. The bitter day of our own Civil War is shown, and with it a grimly appealing tableau showing a field when battle's hellish work is done. And so on down the gamut of bloodshed and conquest.

(Continued on page 196)



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Liberating the Stage Child

(Continued from page 175)

and he has supervision over the rooming conditions. The performances must not exceed eight a week and there must be allowance for two hours schooling daily.

Manifestly, it would be most advantageous to secure the national enactment of such a law. With the democrats in power at Washington and State's Right still a lively bogey, Judge Lindsey has deemed it rather difficult and has sought other means to make the law effective in all the states, should national enactment fail.

"I contend," he says, "that if only three or four states will pass similar laws to Colorado's and Louisiana's, it could be made practically national in effect. If important theatrical states, like New York, had the law, no manager would care to so organize his company that he would be prevented from appearing there. The National Juvenile Court Association could arrange with the theatrical managers in New York for a sort of censorship committee, say of three members, resident in New York. The committee would inspect conditions in every company employing children and leaving New York for a tour. It would be authorized to say for the judges of states having the law: if you do not comply with these conditions, you cannot get a permit in any of our states."

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THE NEW PLAYS

(Continued from page 195)

MANHATTAN. "THE STORY OF THE ROSARY." Melodrama in four acts by Walter Howard; incidental music by G. Edward Jones. Produced on September 7th.

A corking good melodrama, this. The progression of the story is told in good consecutive and lucid form. The text is occasionally bombastic, but it is strikingly appropriate text and often illuminated with touches of a genuine literary character; while the eleven scenes which go to make up its four acts each has for its tag a stirring climax. The scene is laid in one of those imaginary kingdoms in the Balkan's, and the story concerns two kinsmen, Paul and Philip Romain, each of whom loves the beautiful Venetia Sabran, daughter of a titled gambler. Paul wins out, but just as her father has cast her off, war breaks out and his regiment is ordered to the front. He gets a leave of absence for two hours in which to get married and rejoin the Red Dragoons. He gets married all right. But then his troubles begin. Through plenty of scenes it is a struggle between the two kinsmen ending, of course, with a union of the lovers.

The company is an excellent one, and the clear cut diction of each member is a delight to the ear. Alfred Paumier as Paul is a dashing and fervid Hussar; James Berry is consistently villainous as Philip, so much so you almost like him. Ernest Hildebrand really looks and acts like a Colonel, while George Desmond as Lieut. Peterkin supplies a lot of spirited comic relief. His eccentric uncle is humorously portrayed by J. E. Martin, while Thomas Hinton displays true distinction as the naughty Baron. The heroine is acted with varied dignity and emotional sincerity by Annie Saker, while the author of the piece, Walter Howard is splendidly earnest as a devoted friend of the hero. The cast is so long it is impossible to do justice to all.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "THE BLUDGEON." Drama in four acts by Paul Armstrong. Produced on September 7th.

"The Bludgeon" is a forbidding title for a play. A wife uses her child to extort indulgences from her husband. The child is the bludgeon. The story is that of a woman who lives only to gratify her selfish caprices, who while guilty herself, secures a divorce from her husband on false charges, marries that husband's friend who has faith in her, and is finally shot to death by this second husband on discovery of her perfidy. Whatever philosophy Mr. Armstrong has intended to convey was smothered up in the wholly disagreeable and unprofitable incidents of the play.

ELTINGE. "INNOCENT." Play in four acts by George Broadhurst, founded on the Hungarian of Arpad Pasztor. Produced on Sept. 9th. Hungarian dramatists, in the few plays by them which we have seen, compel attention and respect by their genuineness and daring initiative. "Innocent" is an adaptation by George Broadhurst of a play by the Hungarian author,

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Arpad Pasztor. We may safely assume that the changes from the original have been very slight. At any rate the play is as distinctively Hungarian as anything imaginable. The action passes in Mukden, Manchuria, Budapest and Nice. A man who has wasted his life in excesses and self-indulgence, fearful that his young daughter may have inherited evil tendencies from himself and a mother who is no better than the father, keeps her shielded in her earlier years. This daughter we know as Innocent. He leaves her to the care of his friend, Bela Nemzetti, a man of wealth, disposed to be faithful to his charge, but almost unconsciously he falls under the weird influence of the now mature woman. He is her first victim, although his infatuation for her is only the foreboding of evil. Her love of silks and colors and the gratifications that money can buy develops before us. The young woman, restrained so far, longs to see the world. The taste she has had of money excites an insatiable desire. Her guardian gambles wrecklessly and presently loses everything. When she suspects this loss, she is ready for temptation.

It is a kind of play of Fate and is unusual in its weird impressiveness. John Miltern, as Bela, had the difficult task of depicting a character, twenty years older than his ward, who had to be earnest in his purposes, dignified in his conduct, not oversentimental, and in the end not to be too weakly morbid. Pauline Frederick, as Innocent, while lacking fire, represented with ease the character in hand. It is not so much a matter of beauty that dooms a woman to ruin and causes her to ruin men as it is a matter of temperament. Mr. George Probert, as the German adventurer, brought to mind Mansfield's Baron Chrevrial, the Baron in his younger days.

Watching the Screen

(Continued from page 162)

in little more than a week's time.

The Famous Players, whose work never lacks dignity, even when it misses distinction, released on September 21st an adaptation of Channing Pollock's, "Such a Little Queen," with Mary Pickford in the rôle originally played by Elsie Ferguson; Bertha Kalich in "Marta of the Lowlands" will be seen for the first time on October 5th, and following these productions at brief intervals, will come David Higgins in "His Last Dollar," Maelyn Arbuckle in "The County Chairman," and Mary Pickford in "Behind the Scenes." The Lubin Company is achieving feature prominence with a five-reel Raymond Hitchcock picture, "Eagle's Nest," starring Edwin Arden, and Winchell Smith's "The Fortune Hunter," in which William Elliot is the principal player. Word came from the Coast several weeks ago that D. W. Griffith was working on "The Clansman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr., so it is reasonable to expect the picture some time in October. The Selig Company of Chicago have in preparation three-reel films of Arthur Hornblow's novels, "By Right of Conquest" and "The Mask." William Faversham, in the All Star Feature Corporation's production of "The World," also will be one of the worthwhile releases of the early Autumn.

LYNDE DENIG.

Columbia Records

The Columbia list for October, now at hand, is conspicuous in its presentation of subjects ranking high in interest to all true music lovers throughout the continent. Destinn will be heard in the excellently selected coupling of operatic arias. From "Aida," one of Mme. Destinn's greatest rôles is the beautiful "O Ciel Azzuri." The Prayer from Tosca, another of the most celebrated airs, is also sung in Mme. Destinn's incomparable manner.

An eminent American artist whose record will be welcomed is Miss Kathleen Parlow, who, after an absence of some length, reappears in the Columbia list this month. She plays the ever-popular Rubinstein "Melody in F," and for the more seriously inclined, ventures into the classic realm of Bach, recording his well-known Gavotte in E major.

The reopening of the Century Opera season with Morgan Kingston returning as a leading tenor attaches added interest to his two representative records of operatic subjects in the passionate exhortation from the first act of "Samson and Delilah" and the Siciliana from Mascagni's "Cavalleria."

A quite remarkable new voice is found in a double disc by Miss Carrie Herwin, an English contralto, said to be rapidly coming to the very front of English contemporary musical activities. Miss Herwin's songs are well chosen, one being Blumthall's popular "Sunshine and Rain," and the other "The Children's Home," by Frederick H. Cowen.

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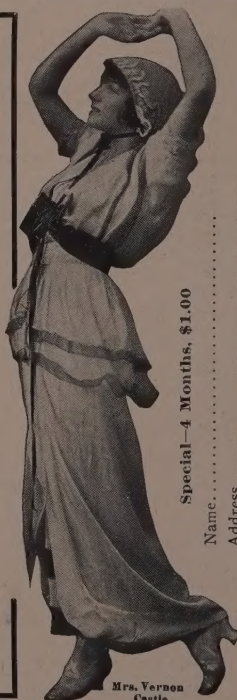
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J. O. FRANCIS

(Continued from page 164)

listening. Across the channel to him came murmurs of that social awakening which he detects so vividly in his play to be rampant throughout Wales. He returned to his home, and then set to work for three years as a teacher among his own people. Watching and listening, he detected in these people a new temper, and then when he went to London, where he has been teaching at the Grammar School for the past eight years, he still listened and heard the approaching tread of a new order of things for Wales. The power of labor is on the rise in Wales as it is everywhere, and "Change" measures excellently this rise. Were it not in itself a splendid example of dramatic art, this play would be a graphic social document.

Such, in brief space, is the make-up of J. O. Francis. Neither in his attitude nor in his utterance can one detect in him anything revolutionary, only a certain vigorous evolutionary faith and belief. There is an intensive power to "Change" which is one of its chief claims to distinction. It is not alone that Mr. Francis understands his own people which makes the characters in his play so live: he realizes the human qualities of people in general; otherwise he could never have grasped so perfectly the opportunist philosophy of Sam. It is not alone that Mr. Francis understands intimately the social problems confronting the Welsh of the industrial South, but that he is in sympathy with the cause of labor wherever there are workmen. Welsh though "Change" may be—it was awarded Lord Howard De Walden's prize because of its typical native strength—it is something far bigger than mere locality. Mr. Francis is a playwright to be reckoned with in the future. Read his play, and even in it you will detect him listening, the while, as Matthew Arnold says:

"..... the banks fade dimmer away,
As the stars come out, and the night-wind
Brings up the stream
Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea."
MONTROSE J. MOSES.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER

50c. the case of six glass stoppered bottles

"ON TRIAL"

(Continued from page 160)

the play are made to move along—how its "motion pictures," say, are thrown upon the screen.

No intricate machinery is used between the scenes of "On Trial." In the first place, the small stage of the Candler Theatre would not permit of a double or triple-deck stage, or turntable stage, "flying stages," stage derricks, or any of the suggested phantasmagorical stage appurtenances. It is simply this, that there is a cast of players—to be explicit, however, I should say, workers—that the audience does not see. As soon as a scene ends and the stage is darkened, the actors jump out of the way and a small army of stage hands pile on at allotted places and clear. And as they take off the props of one scene another corps push on the props to be used in the next scene. It is all very simple, the men being a little more carefully trained to do the work more quickly than is necessary in changing one scene to an act, when there always is a wait of sufficient length to allow for all changes. The usual stage complement of a New York theatre consists of the carpenter and assistant carpenter; the electrician and assistant electrician; three to five clearers, about the same number of "grips"—scene shifters; and from three to five men in the flies. For "On Trial" this number is doubled, and to further aid them, each man has his appointed place and just so many things to do. Changing the scenes of "On Trial" is like clearing a warship for action—it is done systematically and energetically by a trained corps of stage hands.

There is nothing new about this. The real novelty in "On Trial" as a play—is its "movie" aspect. This is a new dramaturgy, and one that bids fair to revolutionize playwrighting and play production.

WENDELL PHILLIPS DODGE.

J. ROSS BELL—WRITE HOME

To the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE.

Sir:

I write to ask you to help me locate my boy, J. Ross Bell, seventeen years of age. He may be going under the name of "Jack Snow." He is singing on the road somewhere. About June 12th he was to have gone to Chicago, but he did not reach there, for my letter was returned to me.

ANXIOUS MOTHER.